HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE FAIR CRITIC.

AN EX-POST-FACTO POEM.

"So read my *magnum opus*, dear,
And, reading, dare to criticise:
A maiden author need not fear
The judgment of those loving eyes."

Spell'd by that critic's dulcet voice—
"My points a reader scarce can miss,"
Cried the aspirant; "I'll rejoice,
Though cackling critics dare to hiss.

"To trust the world's warm human heart
In such a case can scarce be wrong;
It knows how 'tis the poet's part
To learn in suffering, teach in song."

Thus sped the fair one page by page
Along her lover's scroll poetic;
Said he: "When woman rules the age,
Critiques will grow more sympathetic."

The tiny tome was finish'd now,
And straight return'd with action dutiful;
When, having kiss'd the poet's brow,
Her lips pronounced their verdict, "Beautiful!"

And so a bright hour fleeted by
In love-talk, poesy, and laughter.
Alas, 'twas mine that bard to spy,
Solus and solemn, three months after.

To her he still was all in all,
Still worshiped with fond admiration;
Himself collapsed and feeling small,
Snubb'd by the critic of the *Nation*.

A DRAMA.

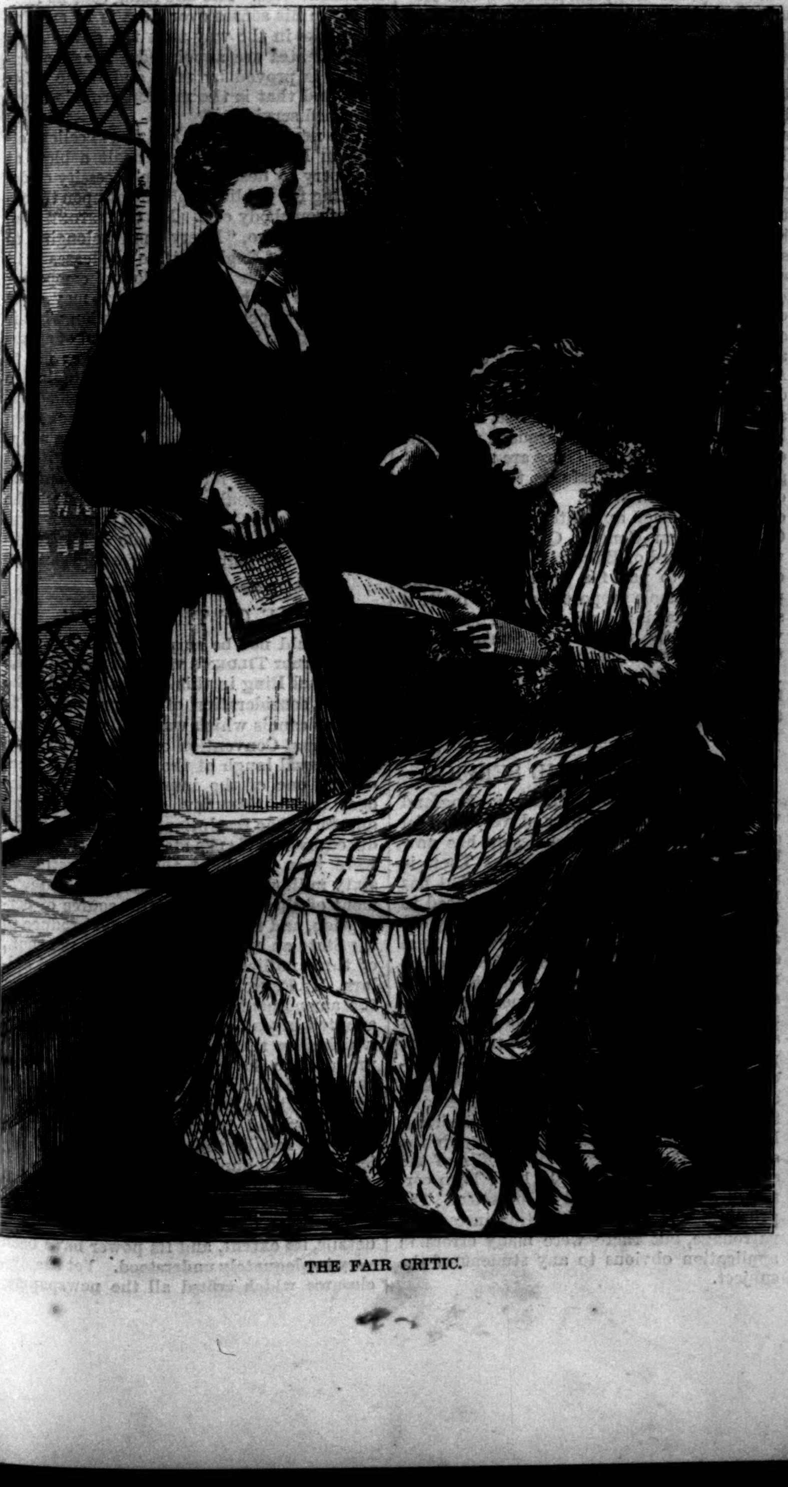
Argument.—Two market-girls, sisters, on their return home from Paris during the Reign of Terror, find a condemned and escaped noble poet asleep on a bench in a wood. One sister, the fairer, kisses him; and her he marries. The other, through jealousy, affects love for him, and gives her married sister proof of his infidelity. Then they two denounce him to the court of justice, where there is no justice; and he dies on the guillotine.

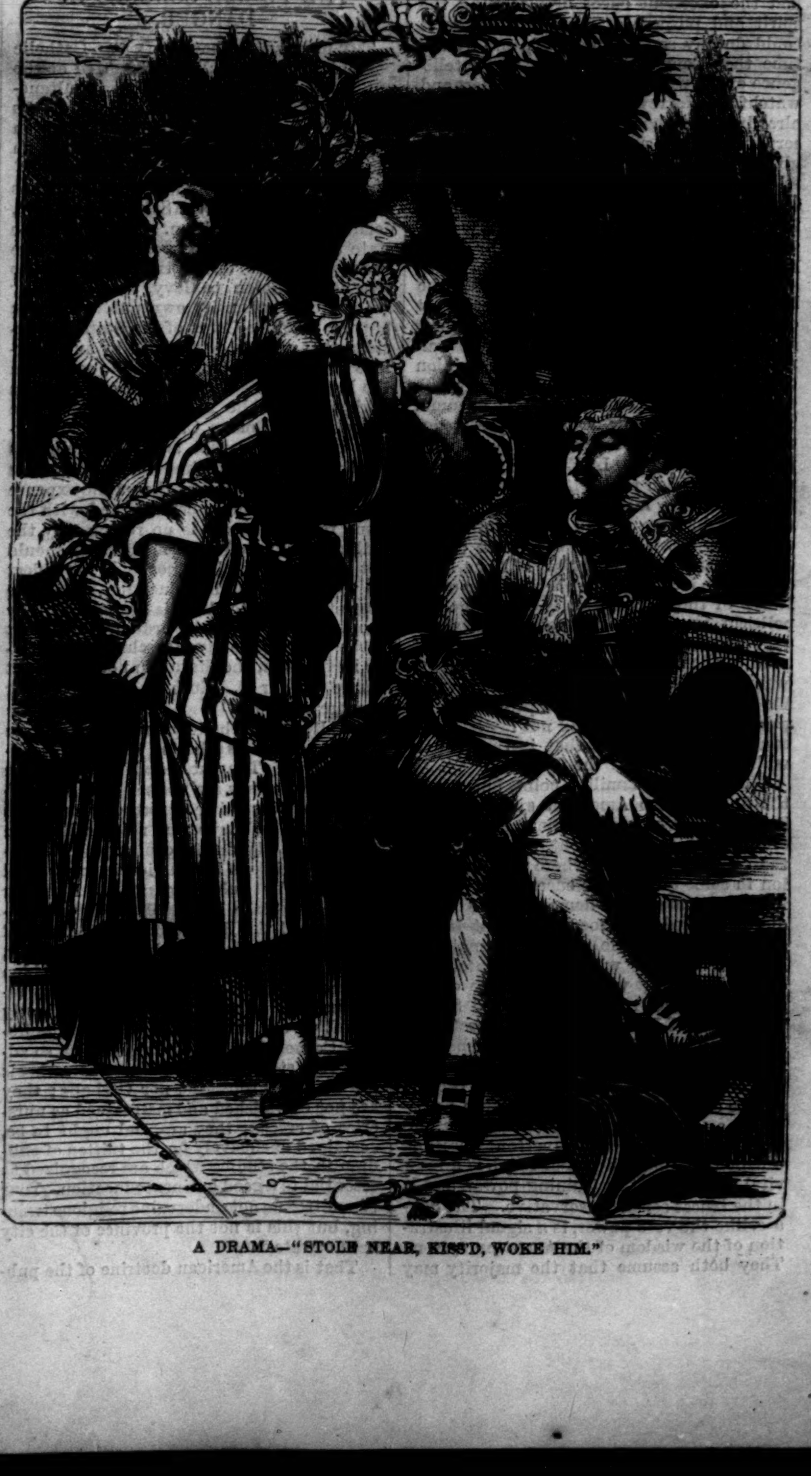
ACT I.

WHEN all the land of France was red with blood
Of all her best, he 'scaped, and in a wood,
Where many trees
Made windy music, and wild wandering bees
Sang, on a stone seat set for rustic ease
Resting, thought, "Here,
Far from Death's city, is no cause for fear;"
And read—for ever books to him were dear—
And no count kept
Of hours, till evening shadows slowly crept
On the page his finger parted, and he slept.
There, all alone,
Our poet dream'd of Fame's rare bud full blown,
Of rich ripe fruit from seed in first spring sown;
Till chance that way
Two hucksters came from the city, for on that day
Their village made its market: well men say
That all is fate.
Two sisters, full of envy, wrath, and hate—
Found at the last, but found, alas! too late—
One, the more fair,
Stole near, kiss'd, woke him; sudden into air
Drifted Fame's dream before a dream more rare,
In her eyes seen!
He loved and married her: Love came between
His soul and Fame; and all he might have been,
All glory's strife,
All wealth of praise, he truck'd—all for a wife!
Such power had one poor woman to waste his life.
Meanwhile, aside
Her sister brooded, fair, but not as the bride
Fair, in strong jealousy and wounded pride,
With anger stirred,
To see her prettier sister so preferr'd,
To hear her prolix praise, but whilst she heard,
Fast to and fro
Fierce thought leapt in her, like the leaping glow
From moving glass or water, "He shall know."
At last she thought,
"I will not be neglected, I, for naught;
Nay, but his dear toy shall be dearly bought."
Then pale as lead
She grew, and all for love for him, she said,
In low sweet voice, and bitter tears she shed,
His love to abuse;
So sued for his love; and how shall man refuse
His love, when for his love so woman sues?

ACT II.

O weak as tender tops of waving corn.
O prize far sweeter than sweet summer morn!
O bitter prize!
O heart as hell black, and as heaven blue eyes!
Red lips rue-savor'd, seats of love and lies,
Love of an hour,
Honey in hope, but in fruition sour!
Garden of many a gaudy scentless flower,
Where no fruits grow;
Like some God's acre, in which wild roses blow,
Where all is rottenness and worms below!
To think that she,
Who sued for his love, for hate the first should be
To let his wife her wicked triumph see!
One happy morn,
When all the land laugh'd with ripe waving corn,
His wife behind a hedge of flower and thorn
Listen'd, and heard,
From midst green leaves by birds and breezes stirr'd
Only, full many a vow and velvet word:
"Sweetheart, by whom
My heart no more is mine, this world a tomb,
Be thou my sun, and lighten my life's gloom!"
Then saw, while drouth
Parch'd her pale lips like some hot wind of the south,
His mouth long linger on her sister's mouth,
Who, in no wise
With breath responsive, or return of sighs,
Sat cold, white, silent, with averted eyes.
Thus pass'd away
Behind hate's cloud his wife's brief golden day;
In what long winter ended her love's May!
And could she dare
To bring his fell foes from the fierce town there,
To the hamlet where he lived without all care,
In trust? Heaven knows
Hands trusted are more hard than hands of foes;
The nettle's sting hurts less than the prick of the rose,
With which Love plays,
And finds Love's small worm jealousy, which preys
In the midst, and will prey till this world decays.
But full of scorn
And love he, when dusk clouds with the next morn
Fought faintly, to that cursed court was borne;
Where in the cause
Of liberty mad license broke all laws,
And murder fed with foul broad famish'd jaws:
Then the bright keen
And cold steel cut where warm white arms had been—
Death's sorry sequel of Love's woodland scene!


THE FAIR CRITIC.


A DRAMA—"STOLE NEAR, KISS'D, WOKE HIM."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

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A FORETASTE OF DEMOCRACY.

THERE has been much said of the folly of our present plan of electing members of Congress a year before they enter upon their duties. But the plan has its advantages. It provides for a dumb-show before the play, an argument at the head of the poem, so that the spectator and reader may know what to expect, and govern himself accordingly. The reaction which resulted in the Democratic success of last year has had the excellent effect of disclosing the spirit and purpose of the party before it could do any serious mischief; and by the time that Congress assembles the intelligence of the whole country will be alert and watchful. The revelations which have been already made show also the superior conservatism of our popular system to the English. In England a general election is soon followed by the assembling of the House of Commons, which is the real government of the country, and the party which has succeeded at the polls comes at once into full power and responsibility.

Nothing, however, is more evident in the history of popular governments than that elections may be carried by some transient gust of excitement, so that the result can not be held to represent the real opinion of the country. This was especially the case in our elections of the last autumn. They seemed to show a positive preference of Democratic ascendency, while no such preference existed. In England the result would have been that with the meeting of the Legislature last December the government would have passed wholly into Democratic hands, while the sentiment of the country was not Democratic. With us, however, there is a fortunate check. The other House of the Legislature is unchanged in political sentiment, and consequently the apparent change of public opinion does not avail to change the great policy of the government. That can be altered only when the change in sentiment is proved by its permanence to be real, and not factitious or transitory; and when that is the case, it will gradually renew the Senate.

This is a very familiar point, but one of the finest of the American system, which is much farther removed from a French government of the pavement, or street mob, than that of England, where it is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at the American government as a democracy. Now the distinction of a democracy is that it is a system in which the will of the majority, however wild or willful, immediately becomes law. But while that is true of England, it is untrue of the United States. The House of Lords, indeed, is theoretically a check upon this absolute and immediate rule of the majority. But it is only so theoretically. The House of Lords has become a mere ornamental appendage of the Legislature, and is never permitted to withstand the Commons upon any important question. Our Senate, upon the other hand, is a most vital and efficient restraining power, and is in the truest sense conservative. The Senate, like the veto power, is a signal illustration of the wisdom of the American system. They both assume that the majority may sometimes be rash, passionate, and unwise; and that it might itself regret to-morrow that it had had its unrestrained way to-day. Only those who had had long experience of self-government, and had been trained in the traditions of freedom, could have provided in a popular system such wise securities against abuses and evils inherent in its own nature.

It is not an unalloyed mischief that the Democrats did not at once assemble as a branch of the Legislature. They would not, indeed, have been able to control the government, but their action would have begun under false pretenses, that is to say, before the country had recognized precisely what they were. Fortunately this is now impossible. When Congress meets, the public will know the real character of the party that controls the House, and how much honest reform, how much faithful adherence to the amendments of the Constitution, is to be expected from it. Discontent among Republicans with some party measures and party chiefs, and the loud Democratic clamor of denunciation, had led many Republicans to suppose that the Democratic party was really self-convicted of its sins and converted, and that Democratic condemnation of Republican errors was as loyal and sincere as that of those Republicans themselves. This delusion has disappeared. The desperate office-holding contest which followed the Democratic success in New Hampshire last spring; the election of "Copperheads" and political Bourbons to the Senate; the revival of the old and perilous dogmas of sovereignty and secession; the conflict in New York between the two wings of the party; the performances of the Democratic Legislature of Ohio, of which the Cincinnati *Commercial*, an independent journal, says that it will go out "with the nastiest record in the history of the State;" the radical differences of the party upon the financial question, and the total silence as to any national policy should the party return to power, except that of letting the White League do as it chooses—all these things have shown intelligent and patriotic citizens the utter discord and the real threatening spirit and purpose of the Democratic party.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN DANGER.

THE proposition that the Roman Catholic parochial schools shall be supported at the public expense, which was made simultaneously in New York and Buffalo, and has naturally startled the public mind, has been for the present conclusively answered in the latter city. The Common Council of Buffalo, by a vote of twenty to four, has adopted the report of the School Committee, declining the proposition. The committee state that the public schools of Buffalo are common schools under the statute. The city is forbidden to levy taxes for any schools other than its own public schools; but the Supreme Court of the State has decided that schools established by any religious denomination are not public schools in the legal sense. The Court said, in a case asking for public money to sustain the school of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in Brooklyn, that any other religious institution which desired to propagate its denominational views at the public expense might make a similar demand, and with the same reason. There is no reason why the children supported by such charities should not attend the public school. If the object be to give them the education which the State furnishes to all, it is better that they should obtain it in the ordinary way; but if the object be to give the children sectarian instruction, the State can not and ought not to pay for it. Nothing could be truer or more obvious.

The Roman Catholic parochial schools are sectarian religious schools. They are intended to be so. They are established because the public schools are not so. And the Buffalo School Committee proceed to say, with equal truth and force, that neither the State law nor the city charter contemplates or authorizes religious instruction in any school supported by public taxation. In other words, the State law deliberately contemplates what the Roman Catholic party call "godless" schools—schools, that is to say, in the words of the law, which are forbidden to teach or practice the doctrines of any religious sect. The committee say distinctly—and we are very much obliged to the Roman Catholic gentlemen for eliciting so admirable a statement—"The common schools are neither Protestant nor Catholic; they are not established and maintained as nurseries of creeds; they are, and ought to be, sustained exclusively for the tuition of children in the studies which are recognized as essential to a good business education. Your committee do not undervalue religious training, but this is not the province of the city or the State."

That is the American doctrine of the public school, and that is the provision of the law of New York. We trust that the Board of Education in the city of New York understands it as thoroughly, and will act upon it as promptly and resolutely, as that of Buffalo. A letter in the *Herald*, evidently from a Roman Catholic, urges the public adoption of the parochial schools as a satisfactory and permanent settlement of the issue. Perfectly satisfactory, doubtless, to the Roman clergy, who would then, according to the statement of this correspondent, have carried their point, and would have fairly overthrown the public-school system. For the writer says, with great simplicity, "The principle that underlies it supposes that it is the inalienable right of any parochial society to build its own school-house, provide teachers certificated as competent both with respect to learning and to morality, *and claim from the public-school fund a sum proportionate to their own pro rata of taxation.*" Father WALKER himself, who says that he would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog as to a Catholic who would send his children to the public school, might have written this letter. The doctrine which it declares would settle the entire difficulty is the complete unadulterated Roman Catholic claim, and is totally subversive of the whole American system of unsectarian public schools.

Mr. WILLIAM H. NEILSON, the President of the New York Board of Education, is reported as saying that if the parochial schools should be merged in the public schools, there must be no religious education in them during school hours; that the Douay Bible might be read at the option of the teacher; and no teacher would be appointed who did not satisfy—in technical acquirements—the standard of the Board. We hope that Mr. NEILSON does not suppose that such schools would be any less Roman Catholic schools supported by the public money, or that the public would be satisfied with any such whipping of the devil round the stump. The result of a union with this understanding, even supposing it to be faithfully carried out, would be that during certain hours of the day there would be no direct sectarian instruction in the Roman Catholic parochial schools. That, and nothing more. The schools would be precisely what they are now, nurseries of the Roman Catholic creed supported by the public money.

The only way in which the Roman Catholic parochial schools can be properly merged in the common schools is by a sale of the buildings and the absolute dissolution of any kind of parochial claim upon the school. The only change and arrangement that under the letter and spirit of the public school law can be known to the Board of Education as resulting from such a transaction is, that it will have acquired certain new school-houses, in which nobody but itself and the whole tax-paying public have any interest or claim whatever, and from which every kind of religious sectarian suggestion or management or association is absolutely and forever barred by the law of the State. A very grave responsibility has been suddenly thrown upon Mr. NEILSON and his associates, and they know, of course, that public attention is now fully aroused and concentrated upon them. There are no new arguments, no new subterfuges, to be presented by the Roman party. Mr. COUDERT, one of the gentlemen appointed by the Roman Catholic Vicar-General QUINN to confer with the Board of Education, says that the city ought to pay for the support of the parochial schools proportionably to its own schools. That is the old story. There is no variation in the form of the demand. Let there be no variation in the form of its rejection. Free unsectarian public schools for every child in the country are the sheet-anchor of liberty in America.

THE ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE.

THE reformed civil service in England was adopted after long and very careful deliberation, and the Commission has now been appointed for twenty years. There is not an adverse argument or sneer that has been urged in England or faintly echoed in this country which was not thoroughly examined and disposed of. Before any final steps were taken, the opinions of competent men of every kind, in and out of the public service, in the midst of commercial affairs and in the universities and the libraries of scholars, were solicited, and the replies were published in a very valuable Blue-book, after which the general principle of reform advocated by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN was adopted, and has been gradually extended through the service. The defects of the details of the system, not of its principle, have been corrected as they appeared in practice. The principle was open competition instead of patronage, but there were many errors in application obvious to any student of the subject.

The Commission has lately made a report in which certain important changes are suggested, amounting virtually to a combination of competition and patronage, which will undoubtedly be found impracticable. A system of appointment depending upon what is called a pass or standard examination—that is, an examination in which all who pass a certain standard of excellence are eligible—will necessarily end in a system of arbitrary appointment, because the power of patronage will depress the standard to make sure that its favorites pass. If a situation be supposed in which superior officers anxious only to discharge their duty seek only subordinates of the same kind, appointments might very well be left to discretion, because the superior would in some adequate manner ascertain the character and qualifications of those whom he appointed. But that is not a situation that exists any where, although it is constantly assumed by the opponents of reform to exist every where. Any reform of the civil service assumes that the appointing power will not or can not appoint with a simple and sole regard to the efficiency and economy of the service. The number of officers and their wide diffusion may compel it to rely upon information which it necessarily distrusts, or political habits and methods may have become so rigid and arrogant that they can be resisted only by the most constant and wearisome effort, which nothing but absolute law or regulation can relieve.

It is amusing to see, however, that the discussion is still prolific of the hopeless twaddle about the impossibility of testing practical capacity by examination; and the venerable question is still asked, with the same familiar air of finality, whether any merchant was ever known to select a clerk by any such process. Certainly, and by no other. Every sagacious merchant selects his clerks by a process exactly similar to that of a reformed civil service. He ascertains the applicant's general and particular knowledge, he inquires about his character, and then he proves him by trial. And if a government officer bore the same relation to his functions that the merchant does to his own business, he could be wisely suffered to apply the principle in the way that the merchant does. The one thing that no merchant in his senses ever does is to appoint his clerks in the way that the government subordinates are appointed. Practical capacity is proved by trial and in no other way, and that is the method provided by a reformed service.

The new system has had one excellent effect in England. It has dealt a blow at snobbery by destroying the necessity of depending for public employment upon the favor of somebody else. Mr. GLADSTONE said, four years ago, "Every man belonging to the people of England, if he so pleases to fit his children for the position of competing for places in the public service, may do it entirely irrespective of the question what is his condition in life, or the amount of means with which he may happen to be or not to be blessed." And the *Spectator*, alluding to the proposed change, says that public opinion will not allow any restriction upon open competition. "The notion of a secure maintenance to be won by head-work without asking any body for any thing has entered into the very soul of Paterfamilias, and he will not give it up without a struggle from which, unless the case made out is unanswerable, any political party would shrink."

SALE OF THE CANALS.

IT would not be surprising if the result of Governor TILDEN'S vigorous assault upon the Canal Ring in this State should be the serious consideration of the proposition to sell the canals which was made in the Constitutional Convention of 1867. There was a universal laugh at the time, as if it were merely one of the impracticable vagaries dear to Mr. GREELEY, and it received no quarter. The resolutions which were introduced by Mr. WALES stated that the canals were then worth, at the lowest estimate, sixty millions of dollars, that the management of them was a fruitful source of corruption, and that the sale would produce to the State an annual income, at six per cent., of three million six hundred thousand dollars. Mr. PRINCE, in his little pamphlet upon the amendments to the Constitution lately adopted, gives the statistics of the year 1872, which show that while the Erie Canal alone produced to the State a net income of more than a million of dollars, the canals altogether cost the State more than three hundred thousand dollars. In the next year, 1873, the loss by the canals was something less than two hundred thousand dollars.

The vast system of frauds to which the Governor's message has called the attention of the State has long been known, but its details, its extent, and its power have been very inadequately understood. Yet the disclosures which crowd all the newspapers, and which have aroused an interest only less than that of the exposure of the Tweed Ring, are but illustrations of the enormous corruption which is sure to attend the attempt of any government to engage in business. The Canal Board is composed of the Canal Commissioners and certain State officers *ex officio*. It is simply impossible for such a body, constantly changing, and whose *ex officio* members are naturally careless of duties the details of which they know that they can not master, to escape the craft of those who see the chances of plunder. The revelations in regard to the character and methods of the conspiracy against the State known as the Canal Ring show a sagacity and skill with which only the most constant vigilance and a similar sagacity can cope.

And all for what? To maintain a business which no government should undertake, which greatly complicates the State accounts, which produces immense knavery, and results in an annual loss to the State Treasury. There is certainly no good reason that the State should own the Erie Canal which would not justify its owning the Central Railroad or entering into the produce or provision trade. Fifty years ago, when it was built, the circumstances of the State and of the country seemed to the people to authorize the work. There is no need of raising the question whether it was a sound or an unsound policy. The general principle remains that such enterprises when managed by the State are prolific of abuses and corruption. It is no answer to say that the indirect advantages are a thousandfold greater than the direct loss. That may be true; but the result is due to the work itself, not to its ownership. The practical question for the State is, What, under existing circumstances, is the most profitable policy? Nor is it wholly a question of pecuniary profit. The ownership of the canals breeds wide-spreading political corruption. The foul hand of the Ring is seen in every Convention, and unchallenged statements are made of its manipulation of the ballot-box even in the election of the highest judges.

The Governor, however, has done wisely in proposing only a reform of abuses. He may—as a loyal Jeffersonian he must—doubt the wisdom of the State ownership and management of business enterprises. But had he made a proposition of a wider scope he could not have counted upon the general and hearty support which his actual suggestion receives. Every honest voter wishes to see the vast and notorious abuses in the management of the canals corrected, but there are a great many honest voters who would be startled by a proposal to sell the canals, and who would doubt its wisdom. Such a policy should spring from public discussion and conviction, as the project of building the canal was the result of long and general deliberation. We can see, much more clearly than was possible half a century ago, the inevitable consequences of State management. In the case of the canals the peril is certainly not in theory only, but in the official figures and facts. The resolution in the Constitutional Convention contemplated a submission to the voters of the question of sale, and a sale under certain conditions securing the canals as public highways at their existing capacity during the season of navigation. But the canal influence was very manifest and very powerful in the Convention, and the resolution was never seriously entertained. The present interest in the subject, however, and the details of the vast organization of fraud and plunder daily published, will bring home the question to the mind of every voter in the State, Why not sell the canals?

THOSE QUEER MONARCHIES.

When curious public incidents occur in this country, our British brethren of the press are very swift to find them very significant of the state of morals and manners or of political intelligence in a republic. But two little recent events at home may also properly interest the native British moralist. One is the double election to Parliament of John Mitchel, and the other the election of Dr. Kenealy, and the monster meeting in Hyde Park, reported as an assembly of a hundred thousand persons, to sympathize with Orton, the Tichborne claimant, and to demand "justice" for him. The election of Mitchel may, indeed, be turned off as a "Tipperary" affair, and the brethren may decline to be responsible for an Irish illustration of home rule and popular suffrage. Then when they next enlarge upon any political phenomenon in the city of New York, will they be so good as to remember that the Irish vote in this city is thirty per cent. of the whole, as the New York *Times* in an interesting and valuable computation lately showed, and that a larger per cent. of this vote than of any other is always cast, and that the Democratic party buys it by ecclesiastical and other subsidies of various kinds?

The Tichborne phenomenon is very suggestive. The sympathy for the claimant, which is so strong that in some places in England it is said to be dangerous to express an opinion unfavorable to him, seems to be merely a form of expressing the hostility of classes, the opposition of the poor to the rich. The singularity is in the form that it takes. Evidently it is a sympathy with Orton for the reason that he is a butcher boy, not because he is Sir Roger Tichborne, and it asserts that he is defrauded of his rights, that is, of enjoying the estates of Sir Roger. The feeling does not see nor care that, if he is Sir Roger, he is not a representative of poor men, but belongs to the aristocracy; it only takes account of the fact that in that case a butcher boy, who is their representative, would be a baronet. There is utter confusion and contradiction. The mob denounces the court and the verdict for establishing what it believes itself, that Orton is a butcher boy, and not Sir Roger Tichborne. And a hundred thousand people assemble in London solemnly to assert this absurdity. What an extraordinary country England is! What very queer things occur under monarchical institutions!

Dr. Kenealy, who defended Orton, and who was disbarred because of the furious and unscrupulous zeal with which he attempted to prove that the butcher boy was a baronet, becomes at once the hero of those who believe that he is not a baronet but a butcher, and is returned to Parliament by a great majority of their votes. We have all known strange things in America. We have seen professional pugilists and persons who have escaped the State-prison by the statute of limitations elected to Congress. It was very extraordinary, but not more so than the election of a man to Parliament for failing in a strenuous effort to prove another man to be somebody else. Certainly England is a very remarkable country! But we must make great allowance for a people who have an aristocracy and an Established Church.

Yet the sympathy for Orton, however illogical and stolid, is no less significant. Dr. Sacheverell was nobody, but the cry of the mob for "The Church and Dr. Sacheverell" portended a Tory reaction. Under the form of sympathy with the Tichborne claimant there is evidently a feeling that injustice has been done; not necessarily in excluding him from the estates, but in the manner of the exclusion. This is unquestionably an element in the strong feeling that prevails among the claimant's party—a belief that he has not had fair play. It is mingled undoubtedly with the deeper and stronger hostility of class, and it is shared to a certain degree by many careful students of the trial, who are of opinion that the Chief Justice was harshly partial, and assumed all the functions of the jury as well as of the bench. Nothing is so sure to arouse public sympathy for one of the parties in a trial as the appearance of partiality upon the bench. If the spirit of the judge is evidently inimical to the plaintiff or the defendant, he is felt to have prejudged the case, and the effect of the final decision is lost or very seriously affected. Is there, perhaps, something in monarchical institutions or in the conditions of an aristocratic society which fosters the appearance of partiality upon the part of a Lord Chief Justice? We commend the inquiry to the British censors of American life and manners.

PERSONAL.

The executors of the Hopkins estate, in Baltimore, have just returned their first account to the Probate Court. The total value of real and personal property subject to tax is $7,145,841 75. The John Hopkins University has received, under the will, real estate valued at $160,000, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stock appraised at $2,195,400, and $793,447 51 on account of its interest in the rest of the estate. The John Hopkins Hospital has received $939,006 in stocks, $518,896 in leasehold property, $822,326 in real estate, and $795,959 for interest in the rest of the estate. The members of the family of the deceased and all the devisees and legatees have received their respective proportions of the estate, and the whole estate has been closed by the first account excepting a balance of $102,154, to await the result of certain litigations.

—The three richest men in the House of Commons are Conservatives, and self-made men. They are Sir George Elliott, who made $3,750,000 last year, Mr. Fielden, and Mr. Hermon, each of whom has an income of $1,500,000 a year.

—Mr. Frank Vincent, of New York, is the subject of the following appreciative paragraph in the New York *Evening Post*: "Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun.'s, *Land of the White Elephant*, which Bayard Taylor calls a real contribution to the literature of travel, saying that the field it embraced had here been described in the simplest and frankest style, seems to have met with unusual favor both from press and people at home and abroad. It is now in its fifth edition, and has received the honor of translations into German and French. It has also been republished in England, where it was commended by the leading English reviews. Thus the *Examiner* assigned it 'a place of foremost interest among the travel books of the year;' the *Saturday Review* thought it 'a welcome addition to our knowledge of the Indo-Chinese peninsulas;' and the *Pall Mall Gazette* styled it 'a model book of travel.'"

—Mr. Disraeli has just offered a nice position (Clerk of the House of Lords) to his private secretary, Mr. Montague Corry, who has declined it, preferring to retain his present more agreeable though less lucrative place. Mr. Corry, though not much before the public, is a personage in his way. He has been Mr. Disraeli's private secretary and factotum ever since he was a lad fresh from college, has been trained to all his ways and habits, and saturated with his ideas. The two have been for some years inseparable companions, and it may easily be imagined that a strong personal attachment has sprung up between them, and that the elder submits in many things to the guidance of the younger. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Disraeli would feel deeply the loss of one upon whom in so many delicate and confidential matters he has been accustomed to rely, and the secretary will perhaps be repaid in some other way for his devotion. It may be added that Mr. Corry, on account not merely of his peculiar position, but of his personal qualities, being bright, genial, and courteous, is naturally a favorite in society.

—That Mr. Bishop who paddled off from Troy some months ago in a paper canoe for the Gulf of Mexico arrived at St. Mary's, Florida, on the 1st of March, and was soon off up the St. Mary's River to the Okefinokee Swamp, whence he would haul his canoe to the Suwannee River, thence down to the Gulf, thence to Cedar Keys, and thence by rail to Fernandina on his return to New York. He has had about enough of it.

—It has been ascertained that an examination of the books of the late Mr. Benjamin Atwood shows that he has given away $5000 checks anonymously to the value of $2,275,000. From the same source it is ascertained that Mr. Atwood gave away to his poor relations and dependents over $2,000,000. It is the first time that a private English gentleman has administered upon his own estate to the extent of $4,275,000.

—Mr. Charles Lennox Peel, nephew of the late Sir Robert Peel, will receive the pleasant and profitable position of Clerk of the Privy Council, formerly held by Sir Arthur Helps. Mr. Peel is at present private secretary to the Duke of Richmond.

—The wills of two lately deceased Lord Chancellors of England having occasioned a good deal of public amusement on account of vagueness, indefiniteness of language, etc., the fact has been developed that the wills of some of the most eminent jurists of England have occasioned much litigation. Lord Chief Justice Saunders made a speculative devise, upon the validity of which his executors—Maynard, Holt, and Pollexfen, all great lawyers—were divided in opinion. The wills of Lord Chief Justice Holt and Mr. Sergeant Maynard were the subject of Chancery proceedings. So was the will of Chief Baron Thomson. Mr. Serjeant Hill's will was "so singularly confused that, but for the respect due to the very learned sergeant, it might, not unreasonably, have been held void for uncertainty." The will of Sir Samuel Romilly was inartistically drawn. The will of Mr. Bradley, the celebrated conveyancer, was set aside by Lord Thurlow for uncertainty; "and a late learned Master in Chancery directed the proceeds of his estate to be invested in Consols in his own name."

—Formerly the most important creditor of France was Sir Richard Wallace, who possessed an annual revenue of 1,100,000 francs. This sum, however, appears insignificant by the side of that drawn annually by Madame Furtado, who possesses an income of 4,000,000 francs, representing a capital of 80,000,000 francs. This immensely wealthy lady is very benevolent, and employs a large part of her riches in alleviating distress and organizing charitable missions.

—Mr. Gladstone's town-house, one of the finest and best located in London, which was occupied last year by Mr. Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, has been sold to young Sir Arthur Guinness, the man of stout. Mr. Gladstone's time has of late been passed at Hawarden Castle, some six hours from London, which has become the property of his wife as heiress of her brother, Sir Stephen Glynne. Mr. Stephen Gladstone, the ex-Premier's second son, is rector of Hawarden, a very valuable benefice. The only member of Mr. Gladstone's large family who is married is his eldest daughter, who is the wife of Rev. Dr. Wickham, Head-Master of Wellington College. Of his brothers, two are living, Sir Thomas, and Robertson, a Liverpool merchant, somewhat eccentric. The other brother, Captain Gladstone, a general favorite, died some years ago, leaving several children, one of whom is Countess of Belmore.

—A London artist, Mr. F. Sergeant, is painting a picture of the interior of the House of Commons, which will contain portraits of the present and late administrations, as well as many of the most conspicuous representatives of the United Kingdom. One of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons has been placed at the disposal of the artist to facilitate his work.

—Many years ago, in Paris, Miss Porter, of Niagara Falls, was asked if she knew much about the Falls. "Yes," she replied; "I own them." This was substantially true, as most of the land on the American side, along the rapids and down to the cataract itself, was the property of the Porter family. Recently one-eighth of all the lands and premises on Goat Island was sold by Jane Townsend to Elizabeth Porter for $51,325, and one-sixteenth part of the same property was sold to George M. Perth for $25,662 50. At this rate Goat Island is worth about $400,000.

—The casting of the statue of the Prince Consort, modeled by the late Mr. Foley, R.A., which is to be placed under the dome of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, has been completed. The figure, which is seated in a chair of state, is fifteen feet in height from the base to the crown of the head. The statue would have been completed some months ago but for an accident, by which a portion of the mould, weighing some twenty tons, was destroyed, at a loss to the founders of nearly £400. It is said that the statue will now be very shortly fixed in its place.

—Beverly Nash is a colored statesman who pervades the Legislature of South Carolina, and a person of influence in that body. He was formerly a slave of William C. Preston; afterward boot-black in a hotel. "He handles them all," said an enthusiastic admirer of the sable Senator, "and the lawyers have learned to let him alone. They know more of the law and some other things than he does, but he studies them all up and then comes down on them with a good story or an anecdote, and you better believe he carries the audience right along with him." The other day, in the South Carolina Senate, Nash got off a joke on the colored State Treasurer, Cardozo. The Legislature have been investigating the accounts of Cardozo with a view to impeachment, and the friends of the treasurer stigmatized the investigators as "Chadbands," in derision of their professed desire to get at facts. Senator Nash arose, and producing a twenty-five-cent copy of *Bleak House*, read the following description of Mr. Chadband: "Mr. Chadband is a large, yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train-oil in his system." The point of the joke is that Cardozo is himself a large, oily-looking man, of the color of a new saddle, with a fat smile, and a manner as oleaginous as his person. The audience saw the point at once, and the resolution was agreed to.

—A reward of $2500 has just been offered for recovery of the will of the late Lord Chancellor St. Leonards. It is stated to have been written on five or six sheets of old quarto white letter-paper in the handwriting of his lordship. Should it happen to turn up in New York or vicinity, the money for it can be had of Trollope & Winckworth, London.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Democratic members of the New York State Assembly, led by "Tim" Campbell, on the 2d inst. refused to vote the General Supply Bill, because they could not have inserted an appropriation of $50,000 for the Westchester Roman Catholic Protectory. The New York *Times*, commenting on this action, says: "It has been made of late a matter of reproach against Roman Catholics that the new Vatican Decrees render them subject to the Pope first and to the laws of the state afterward. Certain Irish and German Catholics in the Legislature have gone a step further than this, by showing that, apart altogether from matters of faith, they are Romanists first and representatives of the people afterward."

George Q. Cannon, Congressional Delegate from Utah, was placed on trial in Salt Lake City on the 2d inst. for polygamy, but as the latest marriage was contracted more than two years ago, the statute of limitations was pleaded in defense, and the prisoner was discharged.

The Susquehanna River rose rapidly on the 2d inst., and portions of the towns of Williamsport and Lock Haven were inundated. The lumbermen will suffer severely by the flood. Millions of feet of lumber in logs floated down the Susquehanna, and as none of the booms had been hung to catch them, most of it was lost.

The miners' war in Pennsylvania still continues. Several men have been beaten by the strikers and forced to quit work. The authorities have great difficulty in preventing riots.

United States Treasurer F. E. Spinner has resigned, and Mr. John C. New, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has been appointed in his place.

The famous Tammany "Costigan Bill," amending the charter of this city, was defeated in the State Senate March 30.

The Governor of Texas has appealed to the President for aid to suppress the outrages perpetrated by Mexicans on the Texan border, and the Secretary of War has telegraphed the commanding officer of the Department of Texas to use every effort to prevent further raids.

The Overlook Mountain House, in the Catskills, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prussian government is still looking sharply after the Roman Catholics. Eighty ecclesiastics are said to be imprisoned at Posen alone. The Prince-Bishop of Breslau has been summoned to resign, because he promulgated the papal encyclical against the ecclesiastical laws. The London *Times* correspondent at Berlin telegraphs that it is anticipated that the old laws forbidding intercourse between the Pope and the Catholic clergy in Prussia, except through the government, will be re-enacted, and that measures will be introduced wholly suspending papal authority in Prussia until the Pope abandons his pretension to cancel the laws of the kingdom.

The Roman Catholic bishops held a conference at Fulda with closed doors. The object of the meeting was to discuss and issue a pastoral letter concerning the bill before the Prussian Diet withdrawing the state grants from the Church. A message was received from the Pope, giving the bishops his blessing, and urging them to persevere.

The Paris *Univers* publishes a papal encyclical renewing the excommunication pronounced against the Old Catholics of Switzerland, and censuring the authorities for protecting them.

The Duc de Montpensier having applied to the Marquis de Molino, the Spanish embassador at Paris, for a passport to Spain, the marquis declined to grant it. The reason alleged for the refusal was that if a passport were given to the Duc de Montpensier, ex-Queen Isabella would deem herself equally entitled to one, and he added that the Madrid government "considered her return to Spain inopportune."

The Cologne *Gazette* reports that Spain has made a formal demand on Prussia, in virtue of an extradition treaty with that country, for the arrest of Don Alfonso, and it is said the Prussian authorities have received instructions to arrest the prince if he enters the Prussian territory, and hold him until the grounds of Spain's claims are examined.

M. Quinet, the deceased French author and radical reformer, was buried March 29. Victor Hugo and M. Gambetta delivered orations at the grave. There was an immense crowd and considerable disorder.

The French republic is to have a national representation at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. The Duc Decazes, in reply to a question asked of the government in the Assembly March 29, said that the work had his entire sympathy, and that measures would be taken to promote it in every possible way.

An official decree has been issued by the French government, prohibiting the importation into France of American potatoes, or of sacks or barrels previously used in packing them. The object is to prevent the introduction of the Colorado beetle.

The Marquis de la Concha, late Captain-General of Cuba, has addressed a petition to King Alfonso, accusing General Jovellar, his predecessor as ruler of the island, and now Spanish Minister of War, of being the cause of the lack of discipline in the Spanish Cuban army. He also censures the conduct of General Jovellar as Minister of War in promoting General Riguelme after he had been sent home for insubordination. The matter has created a profound sensation.

The British Commissioners for the Philadelphia Exhibition have sent circulars to 3000 persons who have taken part in exhibitions and agricultural shows in England during the last seven years, and also to chambers of commerce and heads of municipalities throughout the British Isles. The answers already received indicate that Ireland and the North of England will be well represented at the Centennial Exhibition.

It is reported that the Emperor of Brazil proposes to abdicate in favor of his eldest daughter, the Comtesse d'Eu. Thee mperor upon his abdication will make a tour of Europe, and then proceed to the United States, where he will make his home.

THE LOUISIANA REPORT,

By MESSRS. HOAR, WHEELER, AND FRYE.

DANGER OF THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.

"IN our judgment, this condition of things is fraught with the greatest peril to the whole country. That the people of any State should be unwilling or unable to determine by peaceful and legal means the result of their election, and that the President should be compelled to interpose the military force of the government to prevent civil war, is itself a terrible misfortune....

MASTERS AND SLAVES.

"The people of the States which engaged in the rebellion were composed in large part of two classes—a dominant race of slave-holders and those who approved of slavery, and a subject race of slaves. Each of these classes possessed the virtues and the faults which might be expected from its condition. The dominant class were domineering, impetuous, impatient of restraint, unwilling to submit to any government which they did not themselves control easily, and moved to fierce anger. They never had learned to respect human rights as such, or to tolerate the expression of opinions which differed from their own, or to see dignity in manhood beyond their own class. It was such a people that engaged in the rebellion.... They had submitted to the constitutional amendments, which rendered their former slaves their equal in all political rights, not because they would, but because they must. The passions which led to the war and the passions which the war excited were left untamed and unchecked except so far as their exhibition was restrained by the arm of power. On the other hand, the negro was, in his ordinary condition, gentle, patient, docile, affectionate, and grateful. His confidence was easily won. The fear of the whites and habits of submission had been implanted in him by ages of slavery. The virtues of frugality, of honesty, of respect for justice either in private or public concerns, had never been exhibited toward him by his superiors, and he was not likely to be an example of them in himself, or to be very exacting in demanding them in those whom he regarded as his friends....

LAWS OF LABOR.

"After the war closed, the whites of Louisiana were permitted to elect a Legislature, which met during the years 1865-66-67. They enacted a series of laws which must have been designed to restore the negro to a state of political servitude. Statute 1865, chapter 10, provided that, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, no person shall carry fire-arms on to the premises or plantation of any citizen without the consent of the owner, thus depriving the great mass of the colored laborers of the State of the right to keep and bear arms, securely prized and guarded by his white employer. Statute 1865, chapter 11, punishes by fine and imprisonment the entry upon any plantation without the permission of the owner, thus preventing any person from seeking any interview with the negro for the purpose of giving political or other information except such as his master should approve. Statute 1865, chapter 12, authorizes any justice of the peace, on complaint that any person is a vagrant, on summary process to require such person to give bond for his good behavior and future industry for the period of one year. On failing to give such bond, the justice shall issue his warrant to the sheriff, and hire out such person for the term of twelve months, under such regulations as may be made by the municipal authorities: provided that if the accused be a person who has abandoned his employer before his contract expires, the preference shall be given to such employer of hiring the accused—thus putting it into the power of any local magistrate on summary process to remand the laborer to a condition of practical slavery. Statute 1865, chapter 16, enacts that any person who shall persuade or entice away, feed, harbor, or secrete any person who leaves his employer without permission, shall be subject to a fine of not more than $500, or imprisonment of not more than twelve months, or both. Thus no laborer can leave his employer without permission without becoming an outcast, to whom food and shelter must be denied by all mankind....

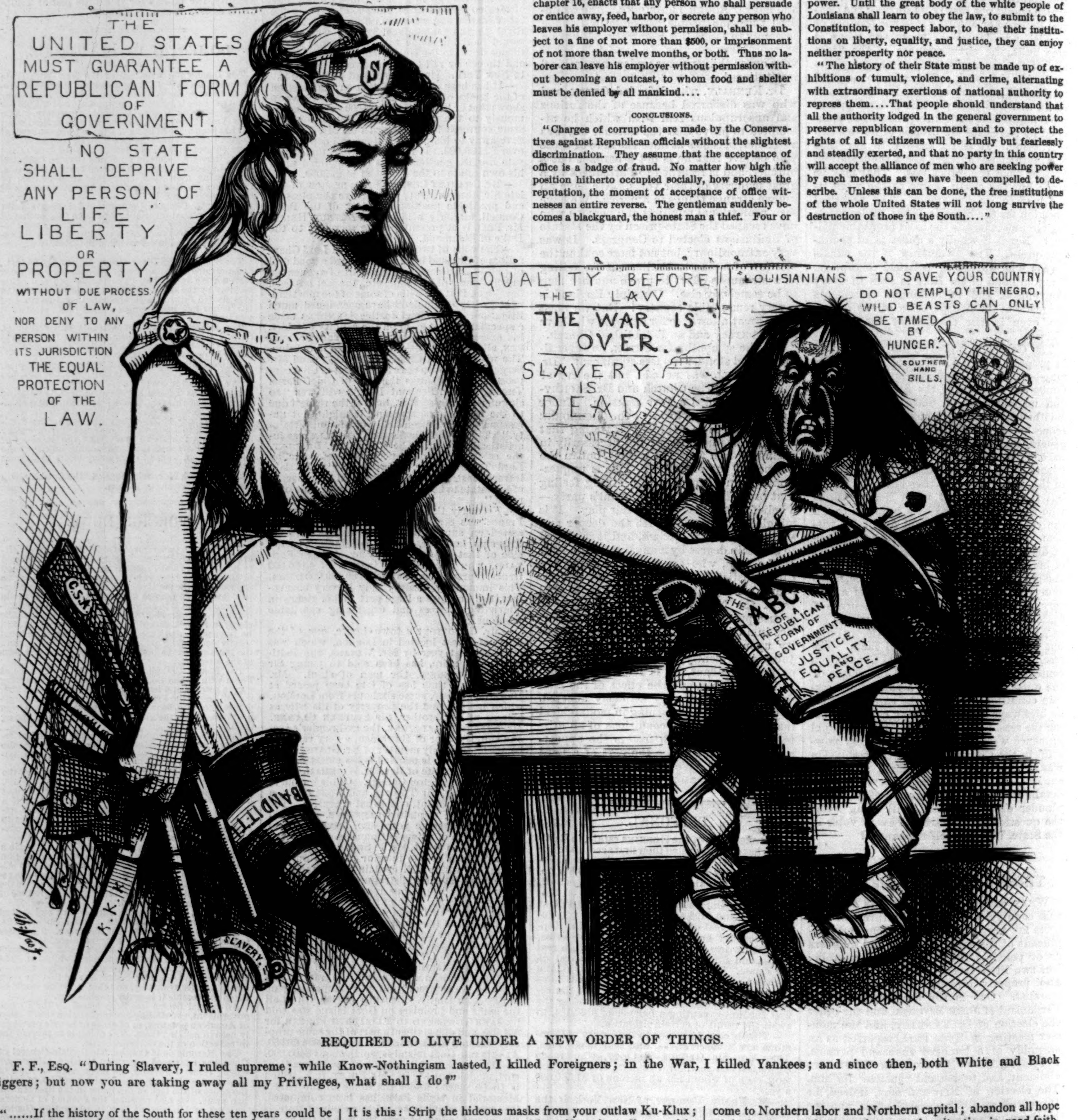
CONCLUSIONS.

"Charges of corruption are made by the Conservatives against Republican officials without the slightest discrimination. They assume that the acceptance of office is a badge of fraud. No matter how high the position hitherto occupied socially, how spotless the reputation, the moment of acceptance of office witnesses an entire reverse. The gentleman suddenly becomes a blackguard, the honest man a thief. Four or five cases of defalcation were clearly shown to be mistakes during our session. That there was great wrong and corruption, that much bad legislation was enacted, that grievous monopolies were created, during Governor WARMOTH's term of office, is undeniable. That the Democrats purchased him at the earliest possible moment for the purpose of converting to their own use his powers of corruption, his skill and cunning in manipulating the machinery of election, was asserted by some witnesses of their own; that there has been a decided improvement under Governor KELLOGG all admit....

"The President and Congress are bound to recognize, and if need be to support, the true government of Louisiana against all usurpers, and the American people will abandon their rights and flinch from the performance of their duties when they leave questions to be settled either by the mob or the assassin....The white who kills a negro goes unpunished; a fearful vengeance overtakes the negro who snaps a cap at a white man. In parish after parish the whites turn out public officers whom they dislike by force, and no punishment follows: the assembling of a body of negroes at the command of the sheriff to maintain his lawful authority is followed by the Colfax massacre....

"In a republic you can not long or permanently check their manifestation by the exercise of national power. Until the great body of the white people of Louisiana shall learn to obey the law, to submit to the Constitution, to respect labor, to base their institutions on liberty, equality, and justice, they can enjoy neither prosperity nor peace.

"The history of their State must be made up of exhibitions of tumult, violence, and crime, alternating with extraordinary exertions of national authority to repress them....That people should understand that all the authority lodged in the general government to preserve republican government and to protect the rights of all its citizens will be kindly but fearlessly and steadily exerted, and that no party in this country will accept the alliance of men who are seeking power by such methods as we have been compelled to describe. Unless this can be done, the free institutions of the whole United States will not long survive the destruction of those in the South...."


THE UNITED STATES MUST GUARANTEE A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.
NO STATE SHALL DEPRIVE ANY PERSON OF LIFE LIBERTY OR PROPERTY, WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW, NOR DENY TO ANY PERSON WITHIN ITS JURISDICTION THE EQUAL PROTECTION OF THE LAW.
S
EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW.
THE WAR IS OVER.
SLAVERY IS DEAD.
"LOUISIANIANS — TO SAVE YOUR COUNTRY DO NOT EMPLOY THE NEGRO, WILD BEASTS CAN ONLY BE TAMED BY HUNGER."
SOUTHERN HAND BILLS.
K. K. K.
THE ABC OF A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT JUSTICE EQUALITY AND PEACE.
C.S.A.
BANDITTI
K.K.K.
SLAVERY
Th. Nast

REQUIRED TO LIVE UNDER A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

F. F., Esq. "During Slavery, I ruled supreme; while Know-Nothingism lasted, I killed Foreigners; in the War, I killed Yankees; and since then, both White and Black Niggers; but now you are taking away all my Privileges, what shall I do?"

"......If the history of the South for these ten years could be written in all its horrible details, it would present one of the blackest pages in the peaceful annals of the civilized world...... Men of the South, there is a road to peace, and there is but one road. It is the peaceful solution of all our difficulties. Whether you pursue it or not is a matter of your own free choice. It is a highway on which if you do but walk, you will have speedy and enduring peace and unexampled prosperity. Men of all parties can commend it, for it is obstructed by no constitutional doubts, but is paved with the Federal compact. It is this: Strip the hideous masks from your outlaw Ku-Klux; disband your White Leagues; visit swift and condign punishment on your unarrested and untried felons; enforce State and United States laws with a firm hand; give to human life security, and to property protection; recognize the equality of all men before the law, and their right to the fullest guardianship; put out the fires of your burning churches and school-houses; make the freedom of the ballot so secure that voters shall not be intimidated; let free speech reign; let ostracism be unknown; renew your allegiance to the government; extend a generous welcome to Northern labor and Northern capital; abandon all hope of the lost cause—in a word, accept the situation in good faith, and you will have a peace that will reign supreme. Do this, and your barren fields will stir with new life, your desolate streets will echo with the hum of returning industry, your spacious harbors will choke with the tide of commerce—do this, and the whole South will spring from her baptism of blood into the fullness of a new life, redeemed and regenerated forever. All hail that auspicious day!"

HON. JULIUS C. BURROWS, of Michigan.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

"O shallow and mean heart of man! Dost thou conceive so little of love as not to know that it sacrifices all—love itself—for the happiness of the thing it loves?"—ZANONI.

CHAPTER I.

"CE QUE FEMME VEUT—"

"CRABS, my de-ar fellow, please to recollect that I'm *not* a child."

"The very reason why you ought to give it up, Miss Wilhelmina Goring."

"But Miss *Wilhelmina* Goring *won't* give it up! Also allow me to inform you that she never had the remotest intention of giving it up. There, you disagreeable old Crabs!"

Stamp goes a pretty little foot on the boards. Speaker retreats to the window, and looks through a scratch in the frosted pane at the opposite café.

Crabs is sitting on a table, clad in flannel trowsers and a padded fencing jacket, apparently concentrating all the energies of his mind to maintain the equilibrium of a foil which he is balancing on his hand.

Presently he relinquishes this arduous task, and betakes himself to pulling his mustache, and emitting solemn clouds from his clay.

A minute of silence, broken only by the click of billiard-balls from the other side of the way, and the creak of the rickety table as Crabs swings his legs.

"Minnie!"

"Pooh!" replies the window.

"I say, Minnie!"

"Well?"

"You'll have to give it up some time or other, you know."

"I—don't—intend to." This with decision, still flattening her nose against the glass.

Another silence—billiard-balls distinctly audible. "Garçon! un bock." "V'là, m'sieur—l'addition, m'sieur? Quat' francs cinquante. Merci, m'sieur—"

Renewed creaking of the table.

"Crabs, it's my private opinion you're a nasty, cross, disappointing old thing!"

"H'm!" dubitatively, from the table.

The flannel trowsers get up slowly and begin to gather together various foils, masks, and other fencing paraphernalia wherewith the room is littered, and to hang them up on ticketed hooks; then to march up and down, the pipe glowing like a small coal in the twilight.

"Poor *dear* little me!" observes the window, plaintively.

The pipe moves to the door, where it is shaken out, to the imminent danger of the staircase, and Crabs leans over the balusters to call the attention of a wrinkled old woman, who is chattering at the street door with another equally wrinkled and equally old.

"Euphrosyne! Euphrosyne! avez-vous rempli mon bain?"

"Plait-il, Mossieur le Capitaine?"

"Avez-vous rempli mon bain?"

"Si fait, Mossieur le Capitaine, j'ai rempli vot' bain; si fait, Mossieur le Capitaine."

Satisfied at the prospect of a tub, Crabs returns to the "Salle d'Armes," where Miss Goring is discovered gazing with intense interest at an announcement, framed and glazed, which she must have seen every day for some ten years, informing those whom it might concern that "Le Capitaine James, Professeur d'Armes," was able and willing, at his "salle," No. 15 Rue St. Dominique, Malaise-sur-Mer, to give lessons to gentlemen in fencing, broadsword, and "la boxe," as also in various calisthenic exercises, for a modest remuneration.

Then, aware of the presence of padded jacket and flannel continuations, the little figure heaves a deep sigh, and repeats, in a tone of the most heartfelt commiseration for herself,

"Poor *dee-ar* little me!"

The fencing master stands exactly behind her, both hands in his pockets, taking great pains to place his canvas-shod feet with mathematical precision on corresponding and equidistant knots of the boarding. Finding this interesting occupation pall upon him, he breaks suddenly into eloquence:

"I say, how about dinner?"

"Bother dinner!"—and Miss Goring resumes her perusal of the notice.

Foiled in this base attempt to change the subject, the captain walks about in a perturbed frame of mind, and shortly begins:

"But look here, Minnie; you're getting too old to be always going to the Alcazar d'Été and the El Dorado. I don't think that if you were in society it 'd do, you know. Of course it was all very well as long as you were a child."

All of which oracular observations Minnie totally disregards, and observes:

"Me want to hear pretty music. Crabs cross. Me no go."

And then, with a run, catches hold of his arm, and crosses her little hands upon it, looking up into his face.

"*Do* let's go to-night, Jim. *Please* to-night! Yes?"

A doubtful smile hovers about the corners of the fencing master's mustache.

"Now, Jim, you're laughing. Yes? *Is* it yes?"

The smile breaks into a deep laugh, and Jim subsides on to the table.

"You little puss! I swear I believe this is the fiftieth time we've had the same conversation."

"And it always ends like this, doesn't it, Jim?" wickedly remarks the perverse damsel, trois-temps-ing down the room for very lightness of heart, and caroling gayly as she glides past,

"Dites *Crabs* qu'on l'a remarqué, distingué,"

till the admiring Jim bethinks himself of his anteprandial toilet, and effects a precipitate retreat.

Having splashed about with unction, after his long day's work, in the cool sea-water, and arrayed himself in well-worn velveteen and squash hat, he descends to the porte cochère, where Euphrosyne is receiving important and final directions from her mistress.

"Now, Euphrosyne, mind; if any one wants to see Captain James, he is giving a private lesson to a milor Anglais."

"Bien, ma'm'selle."

"Don't forget to have the kettle on the fire about twelve."

"Bien, ma'm'selle."

"And oh, Euphrosyne, *don't* fall asleep over the *Petit Journal*, and set yourself on fire."

"Mon Dieu, non, ma'm'selle! Adieu, Mossieur le Capitaine et ma'm'selle! Amusez-vous bien."

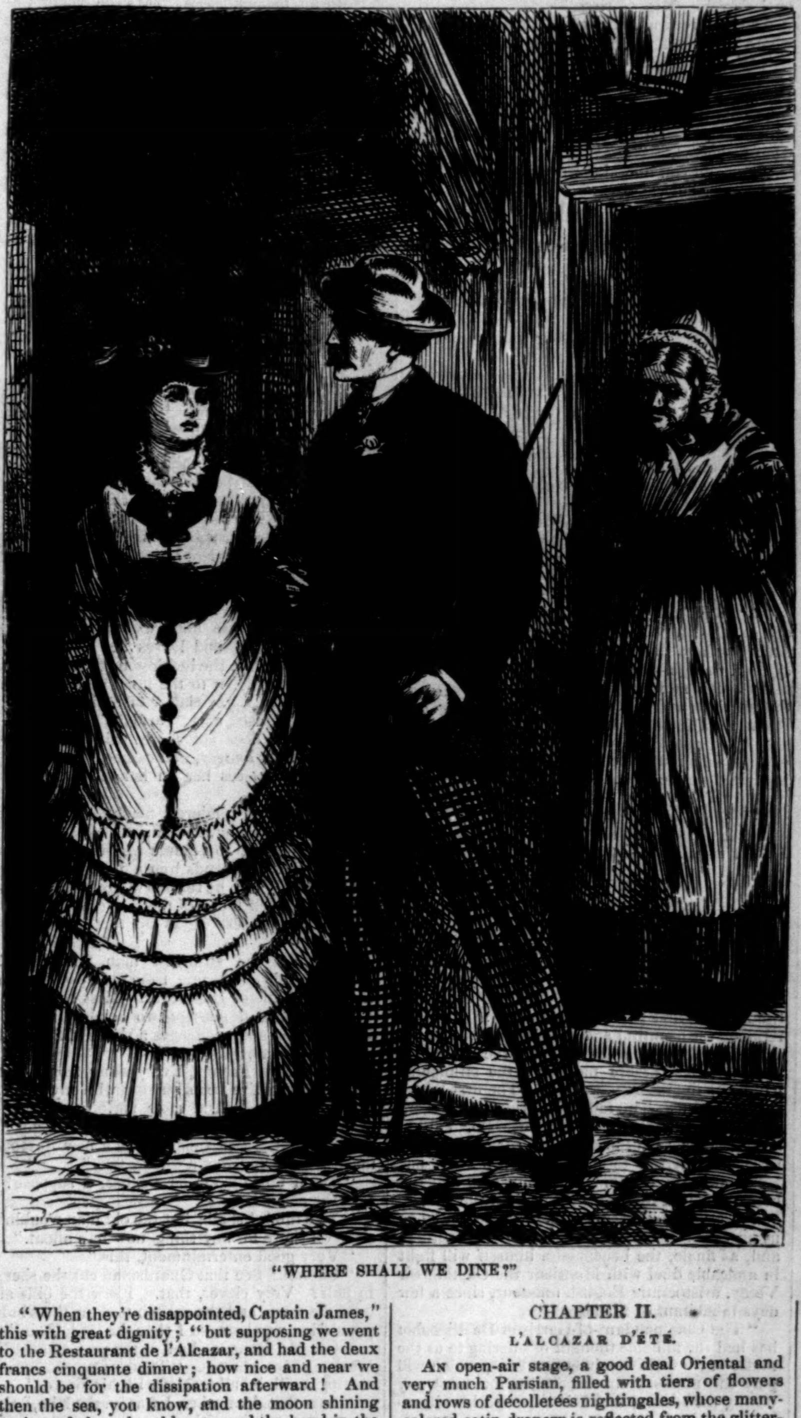
Then, looking after them as they depart, Euphrosyne is moved by the spirit to remark, "P'tite mignonne!" and returns chez le portier.

"Now, monsieur my guardian, where shall we dine?"

"Bother dinner!" Jem says, with a broad grin.

"Oh ye-es! It's all very well to mimic what people say when they're—"

"In a bad temper?" suggests her protector.



"WHERE SHALL WE DINE?"

"When they're disappointed, Captain James," this with great dignity; "but supposing we went to the Restaurant de l'Alcazar, and had the deux francs cinquante dinner; how nice and near we should be for the dissipation afterward! And then the sea, you know, and the moon shining on it, and the colored lamps, and the band in the gardens below. Oh, Jim, let's go there!"

"All right, little woman," he assents, laconically.

"So much cheaper, too, you know, than the Hôtel des Pachas."

"Think so?" inquires Jim, from a cloud of cavendish.

"*Rather*—just a little. Why, you can't get any thing like the Alcazar dinner under three or four francs. And then the stupid people one meets in that salle à manger."

"Lucky for them they don't know what you think about them."

"And then the supercilious way they look at you," pursues Minnie, "especially English people; as if *they* were any thing so very particular."

Jim says nothing, but thinks it would be a rum thing indeed if the shapely figure at his side, with the chestnut hair coiled up in masses under a saucy little hat, and the dark blue-gray eyes that are flashing so haughtily, did not tempt some of her bony compatriots to envy.

"Anyhow, Jim, you saw those two people who sat opposite us a day or two ago?"

"Dare say I did."

"Those two unmistakable Britons, Jim."

"Don't 'member," he says, placidly.

"But you *must* remember, you aggravating Crabs. A tall man in white mustache and whiskers, who kept calling out, 'Garçong, appellyvoo çe vang port?' and his thin, fair, well-got-up wife, who did nothing but fiddle with her bracelets, and say, '*Oh, Herbert!*' when he swore at the somethinged Frenchmen."

"Think I spotted 'em," concedes the fencing master, amidst a lengthened puff, which finishes his pipe.

"Well, those two people were whispering all dinner-time, and looking at you, as if you were a Fat Woman or a Two-headed Dwarf."

"Awful bad form," says Jim. "P'r'aps it was my shady costume."

"*I* believe it was just impertinence," Minnie observes, decisively. "Oh, it's *much* jollier to dine at the restaurant!"

Where shortly they arrived, and, passing up stairs, select after some discussion a table whence Miss Goring can enjoy to her heart's content sea, moon, colored lamps, and *La Belle Hélène*.

CHAPTER II.

L'ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ.

AN open-air stage, a good deal Oriental and very much Parisian, filled with tiers of flowers and rows of décolletées nightingales, whose many-colored satin drapery is reflected from the glittering mirrors above, blazes upon a vista of little iron tables, straw-bottomed chairs, already thickly studded with Malaisois, and the Restaurant de l'Alcazar beyond. The soft sea-breeze gently stealing through the gardens sends a rustle through the leaves, and the lampions flicker every now and then in the naughty little walks, as if they were winking at you with their red eyes. Here and there are one or two "blouses," with the paysannes of their choice on their arm, sauntering about the place; here and there a smack of the maritime element, attending more to the imbibing of their consommation than to the fioriturì of the well-developed damosel who is wildly, and apparently without success, imploring the

"Grâ-ce! grâ-ce, pour toi-même, et pour moi-mê-ê-me!"

of an invisible Robert, whom she repeatedly declares she "aimes;" but the majority of the audience is gazing at her impassioned action and listening to her sonorous voice with unqualified approval. When she has finally retreated to her place among the rest of the fair visions, having executed as many crab-like courtesies and eely undulations as the dimensions of the stâge or the flexibility of her spine will allow, and having been smitten on the cheek by a very shabby and somewhat weedy bouquet, which she forthwith places in her bosom with a large smile, the band strikes up the "Petit Faust" quadrille, and the garçons flit about with sirups and orgeats galore.

An old boy, clad in nankeen and Tyrolese hat, with a bright red tie, and a brighter red face, short white hair, and black mustache and imperial, sits, in company of a demi-tasse and a cigar, at one of the tables in the reserved seats, nursing his fat little patent-leather foot, and showing off to the best advantage his fat little diamond forefinger. Every now and then the genius of the performers, or the exuberance of his appreciative faculty, gets the better of his equanimity, and he vociferates: "Bravo, bravissima!" to the accompaniment of much podgy applause, noticing the more hidden beauties of style and delicacies of modulation by a gruff-whispered "Très-bien," which would have done credit to the most critical of habitués d'opéra.

Rapt as he is, however, in admiration of a pretty Greek-costumed Parisian, who followed the "morceau d'orchestre" with a melancholy little song,

"Toujours travailler, jamais s'reposer,
Trop tôt s'lever, trop tard s'coucher,"

he does not fail to observe the entrance of a stalwart old gentleman, who picks his way up to the front chairs, arming along his wife in that defiant and somewhat conscious manner peculiar to the British traveler, who expects to find every foreign place of amusement a hot-bed of vice and sink of iniquity. Visitors always patronized the Alcazar. Men took their wives and daughters there. The audience was mixed but decorous. Yet there was just the sufficient spice of impropriety in the gayety of the scene to make such rash matrons as adventured themselves thither feel the audacity of their proceedings, thereby much enhancing their enjoyment thereof.

To the new-comers rises, from afar off, the little Frenchman, bowing deeply, and executing wondrous flourishes with his hat.

"Oh, there's that Monsieur Latour, Herbert dear," says the lady. "I'll beckon him to come over here."

Forthwith she smiles encouragingly, and telegraphs with her fan. This system of communication seeming inefficient to her husband, he puts up his hand to his white mustache, and shouts:

"Hi! Latt-too-er—here!" imitating his better half, on a larger scale, with his umbrella.

All the front seats turn to look. M. Latour swallows his coffee, and, hat in hand, skips in and out, out and in, with youthful agility up to his friends, where he indulges in more salaams, and takes the favorable opportunity of flashing his pet finger over his left breast pocket.

"Ah, madame, what of pleasure of meeting you here!"

"How de do, monsieur?" extending two bits of kid, which he immediately raises to his lips, and salutes lightly.

"Et vous, Monsieur le Colonel?"

"Pretty well, thanky, Lattooer."

"Are there any places vacant on your side?" inquires the lady.

"Mais oui, Madame Ferrers," moving on. "Behold; from here you will see all perfectly. Allow me."

As they sit down the Greek chanteuse retires amidst great enthusiasm.

"Bis! bis! brava! bis!" shouts Latour, getting quite excited.

"Good-looking woman," observes the colonel.

"Dreadfully painted," retorts his wife; "just *look* at her eyes."

"C'est un objet d'art," the forefinger remarks, with an explanatory wave; "c'est l'idéal du maquillage. And of our days, alas! the fair sex, a few excepted"—with a bow to madame—"give themselves too much to that practice so injurious."

"So they do, Lattooer, so they do."

"When, without that, and such artifices apart, they know so well to charm us, us others, always susceptible;" another bow.

"O, vous flatteur, monsieur!" flutters the fan.

"Ah, madame," with reproachful volubility, "'*du* tout, du tout, du tout, du *tout!*'"

Up goes the colonel's opera-glasses.

"Ballay, Lattooer."

"But, monsieur, not of the first force, unhappily. At Malaise one must not look at things through the binocle."

Lively music from the band. The half dozen dancers do their best: gyrate, get in a tangle—pirouette, get out of it. File-firing of applause from the aborigines. Pas seul by Mademoiselle Célandine, late of the Châtelet; shrieks of "Bis, bravissima!" and general tumult. Finally, lime-light, red fire, clashing of cymbals; and a bundle of muslin and pink stockings brings down the curtain.

"Brayvo! 'core! 'core!" exclaims the not overcritical Briton. "Garçon, un siphon et du cognac."

"Do you remain long at Malaise, Monsieur Latour?" inquires Mrs. Ferrers.

"But yes, madame; it is here that I live. I have even a little property—some few hectares, all near to the cascade and chapel of Notre Dame de Malaise, where one goes on donkeys to eat wild strawberries."

"O! comme il serait bon de faire une partie pour aller!" she ejaculates.

"Mon Dieu, if madame would it, I am ready to do the honors of my little bicoque of a country-house, the first day that it suits her."

"O, merci, monsieur; si Herbert veut consentir."

"And, now I talk of it," continues the nankeen one," there are but fifteen days since a gentleman, English, of my friends, came there to pique-nique, with his gentille little ward, in a pretty forest which neighbors the cascade. We were of a gayety wonderful that day there."

"What, do you know them?" interrupts the fan.

"Whom, madame?"

"Why, that very picturesque man and his lovely daughter, or ward, or whatever she is. But what nonsense I'm talking! I dare say they are not the same. We sat opposite the people I mean at the Hôtel des Pachas table d'hôte the other night, and Herbert thought he recognized the face, but couldn't recollect who it was."

"But I fancy, madame, that there is but one individual in Malaise who is, as you say, picturesque, and has, in the same time, a female companion of any beauty. Your unknown, wears he a coat of velvet?"

"Yes, he does," says Mrs. Ferrers, becoming interested.

"And his companion a 'shall' of bleu tendre, and dress café-au-lait?"

"Precisely. She looks about fifteen."

"Well, madame, I can then tell you what has excited your curiosity is, in the one case, my good friend the Capitaine Djems, 'Professeur d'Armes,' and in the other, his little ward, the demoiselle Gorreeng. But, mon Dieu, how she is beautiful! What eyes! what hairs!"

"Dear me, how strange you should know them! Herbert dear!"

Which same Herbert, being absorbed in his opera-glass, does not hear at once.

"Hullo! Ah—hum—yes? Well, Mrs. Ferrers, what is it?"

"Oh, Herbert, *do* you know that Monsieur Latour actually *knows* that interesting man with the young girl we noticed the other day—you remember, love—the man you said you were sure was once in the regiment, and a friend of yours?"

"Egad! and do you really, Lattooer? And what's the beggar's name? Had it on the tip of my tongue all dinner-time, and couldn't for the life of me bring it out."

"Le Capitaine Djems, Professeur d'Armes," repeats the Gaul.

"Fencing master, my dear," Mrs. Ferrers explains.

"Also have I myself taken lessons of him," continues Latour, laying his hand on his shirt frill; "and I confess that in the escrime he is very, very strong. *He* can touch me," he adds, with polite humility, and just the slightest stress on the first word—"me, as you see me, ancient military—"

"D—n that waiter!" bursts out the colonel, holding his foot. "Garçong, confound you, prenny garde, voully-voo?"

"*Oh, Herbert!*" expostulates his spouse.

"—Ancient under-officer at the 10th battalion of Gardes Nationaux. But he is very, very strong at the escrime, that Capitaine Djems."

"James, James," says the Englishman, considering; "James—never had a man called James in the Musketeers."

"Mightn't it be his Christian name, dear?" suggests Mrs. Ferrers.

"Gad! that's it. I remember now. Of course—yes—Jim—poor old Jim. That's the man—Jim Tregarvan—younger son of Sir Hugo. Broke the year I got my majority."

"You don't mean to say so! Good gracious, what a pity!"

"And *that's* twelve years ago. Used to be called the 'Owl,' because they said no one in the regiment ever saw him go to bed. And *he's* earning his living? Good God!"

"But then he is noble?" breaks in M. Latour, much impressed.

"Well, not exactly that, but well connected—doosed well connected."

"But how did you first know him?" asks Mrs. Ferrers.

"It was a chance, madame. Ah, that good heart! I was making a party of billiard in the Café Mazarin. A cohue of young men burst in drunk avec le vin mauvais. They push me from the billiard—they bouscule me. I resist, and call for help. In a twinkle of the eye a quiet Englishman jumps up from his corner—one, two, with his fist—I am free, and those canailles in the hands of the sergents de ville. After that we fraternize. I find out he is a stranger, just commencing a salle d'armes, and for the last ten years I take lessons of him."

"That's the Owl all over. Poor old Jim! He *was* a rum un with the gloves." And the colonel branches forth into reminiscences of "what we used to do in 'ours.'"

As the swallow-tailed, white-kidded barytone, who is exciting the laughter of the audience with the "Ronde du Brésilien," trolls forth with an immense amount of swagger the refrain,

"Il la suivait à quinz' pas,
Et lui disait tout bas:
'Voulez-vous, voulez-vous, voulez-vous accepter mon bras?'
Mais la femme—ne répondit pas!"

Latour suddenly jumps up, and waves his hat to a cloud of smoke, behind which is indistinctly visible a huge cigar and—Jim. Then, turning to his friends,

"We talk about a man when we might be talking with him. Behold Djems himself. Shall I have the honor of introducing him to madame?"

"*Is* he there?" exclaims the colonel. "Gad! I'll go to him myself. Wait a minute, Margaret. I'll bring him back with me."

Meanwhile Jim, who was smoking in peace, and listening to Miss Goring's criticism and chatter in general, to his great delectation, had observed his friend and pupil, Camille Latour, in close confabulation with the Ferrers, and had taken stock of the colonel out of a sleepy corner of his eye with much success. It was not long before he recognized him.

"I know the old boy well enough," he thought, "and he knows me. That's plain enough. Sure to come and rub noses, I should think. D—d nuisance, though, to be spotted by men one knew in the old time. Fancy me, a fencing master, living on next to nothing, dressed in *this* form, meeting an old pal, who—ah, bah! I'm a better man now than I was then, soul and body. I'll lay—honest, at all events. I can cut him too, if he comes up with any patronizing side on. But there's Minnie to be considered. He might be of some use to her, with that swell wife of his, mightn't he? All right, Jim, you pocket your pride, and chum up with the old buffer—for the little woman, you know."

So when Colonel Ferrers comes up with Latour, holding out his hand, and exclaiming, "Why, Jim Tregarvan, my boy, you don't forget me, do you? Bertie Ferrers, of the old Musketeers," Jim gets up, and shakes a paw heartily.

"I remember you, old man; how are you? How do, Monsieur Camille?"

"I've got lots to tell you, Jim," pursues the Musketeer; "got married—but you remember that—bought my colonelcy, and so on. Come and see Mrs. Ferrers."

"Shall be delighted," answers Jim. "Allow me to introduce you to my ward Minnie. Colonel Ferrers—Miss Goring."

And they return in procession to Mrs. Ferrers, where Tregarvan presents Minnie again.

"Miss Goring—daughter of the Hon. John Goring, a Colchester acquaintance of yours, Mrs. Ferrers, I believe."

The old brother officers exchange recollections with effusion. Latour stands looking on, somewhat neglected.

"How do you like Malaise?" observes Minnie to the elder lady.

"Pretty well, as far as I have seen of it—do you?"

"Like Malaise?—O, j'en raffole!" with enthusiasm.

"You're very fond of it?"

"Yes; I wouldn't leave the dear old place for the world."

"Captain Tregarvan is your guardian, isn't he, Miss Goring?"

"I beg your pardon," says Minnie, somewhat perplexed. "Oh yes, Jim's my guardian."

"I suppose he's very kind to you?"

"Kind!" repeats Minnie; "I should rather think so. Why, Cra—Jim's the dearest old darling that ever had a ward."

"How *very* nice!" pensively remarks Mrs. Ferrers.

"But he's very particular," Minnie continues, mindful of her late conversation with him, "about the society I see, and my going to church, and to Madame De Casserole's—"

An inquiring look from the colonel's wife.

"She's the lady to whose pensionnat I go every day. Oh, he's always going on about my education, and that sort of thing; it's my vacancy now, though—six weeks' holidays."

At which moment the curtain goes down for the last time, and Jim stands up and signifies his intention of beating a retreat.

"Well, good-by, old man," growls the colonel; "we mean to see lots of you and Miss Goring while we are here."

And off they go to their different abodes.

"Well, Minnie, how about the Ferrers?"

"Oh, decent people enough, I dare say. But I don't want any body but *you*, Jim."

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSAULT AT ARMS.

"To-day holds itself, we hear, the assault of arms of the Capitaine James, the expert professeur d'escrime of the Rue St. Dominique, advertised on the first page of our journal. One has retained the beautiful and spacious salle de danse of the Établissement des Bains for the spectacle, which, we can assure messieurs the strangers, will be of the most interesting. The first talent is promised us. The militaries Higgins, Vitaker, and Gibson, as also the Sergeant-Major Valter, all of the Guards of her Majesty the Queen Victoria, are arrived to-night, and will represent England in the escrime, the gymnastic, and the boxe; M. le Professeur Bergeret, from Paris, and Mons. Camille Latour, of our town, will give us an example of their force with the fleurets; and, as finale, the bénéficiaire himself will fight in amicable duel with Monsieur the Captain Sir Vesey, aristocratic English amateur, since a few days inhabitant of Malaise.

"The Commandant-of-Garrison De Ricochet has had the amiable thought of offering to us the music of the 50th Regiment of Line, which will play the pieces of its répertoire the most gay during the séance, and it is expected he will assist in person, together with messieurs the officers of garrison, the officers of the imperial frigate *La Méduse*, and the élite of the beau monde Malaisois. The politeness of the Captain James has permitted us to cast a coup d'œil on the preparations. Flowers of the tropics, decorations of an exquisite taste, and a perfect comfort await those of us who have been wise enough to buy their ticket. So, if fortune be propitious, the experiment of our concitoyen (he will pass us the word) will be a perfect success.

"We give a faithful report at the next number. Bonne chance, mon capitaine!"

Thus far the *Avenir de Malaise*, 17th July, 186–.

But there is little necessity for the editor's praiseworthy efforts to insure a good house for his friend Jim, who is a regular subscriber. By 11.30 that eventful morning most of the unreserved seats were occupied; at 11.45 the Commandant de Garrison waddles up to his place, with his staff, en grande tenue, to the inspiriting strains of "Partant pour la Syrie;" and at mid-day, military time, the band strike up "God save the Queen," which, as usual on the Continent, they play quite cheerfully, and Corporal-Majors Higgins and Gibson make their salute to a salle crammed in every part, leading off with a friendly bout at single-stick, to the delight of the back seats, who hugely appreciate the rattling blows they exchange.

"Oh, Herbert! doesn't it hurt them?" anxiously inquires Mrs. Ferrers of her husband, who is watching the swordsmen with a stern and critical eye.

"Pish! *hurt?* Why, *we* used to hit twice as hard, and think nothing of it."

"They tap lightly, madame; they do not allow the blow to rest," explains little Camille, from above his fencing jacket, which, with the rest of the costume, he proudly wears to show every one the pleasure in store for them.

"How clever they are! but don't you think it's dreadfully dangerous, Minnie dear?" continues the sensitive lady.

Minnie, who is principally occupied in watching her guardian as he umpires the conflict, with his old velveteen thrown loosely over his brawny shoulders, hears this with much contempt.

"I'm rather accustomed to this sort of thing, you see; I often look on, through the glass door, at Jim giving his lessons."

"Ma foi, mademoiselle!" says the gallant Camille, archly, "I shall not dare to make the arms again with my friend Djems—I shall always have fear that you look at me. Already I am nervous. Behold then, I tremble that you, so experimented, should laugh at my poor efforts to-day."

"Re-assure yourself," smiles Minnie; "I will myself lead the applause, and I am sure Mrs. Ferrers will be only too delighted to split her lavender kids when you execute a successful lunge in carte."

Mrs. Hatchard, the English clergyman's wife, who, from her place behind them, has been filtering out conversation with the aid of some smelling salts, and executing variations on the key-notes of "*How* close it is to-day!" and "How *nice* for dear Captain James to have so many people!" is inspired with the original idea of suggesting—

"Why don't they keep the door open, I wonder, Miss Goring? So dreadfully close."

"Some gentleman has just come in and carefully shut it after him. Idiot! Oh, I really beg your pardon, Mrs. Hatchard—it's your husband."

"My husband?" says the worthy dame. "I thought he was at home writing his sermon for to-morrow," adjusting her spectacles.

"And he's encouraging the combatants to prick little holes through each other, I declare. Oh, Mr. Hatchard! No, he isn't. He's making signs to you—wants you over there."

"So he is," putting up her smelling-bottle. "Oh dear! I hope it's not the children."

With much bustle and rustling of silk the parson's wife rises, and leaves her seat. But, being short-sighted, the luckless matron does not notice the step down to the area, and stumbles forward, amidst a gay clatter of falling reticule, vinaigrette, parasol, and "various." Fortunately for her, she does not share their fate: a bystander sees her danger, and catches her successfully; then replaces her on her feet, and picks up the pieces.

Finding herself uninjured, madame pours forth her gratitude; he bows, and she goes her way.

As he is about to resume his seat, he espies Mrs. Ferrers, who sends him a fascinating bow and smile. Which he returns in kind, and, heedless of the black looks of the row of chairs past which he squeezes, works up to the colonel's wife.

"You *are* the strangest man, Mr. Dane! Where have you sprung from? How do you do? Mr. Dane of Danescourt—Miss Goring."

The serge-clad six-feet-two bends stiffly toward Minnie, and exchanges a shake of the hand with the colonel.

"Why, Mrs. Ferrers, I've sprung from West Cowes, where I've been staying with my uncle, the commodore. And after pottering about a little in the Solent, we ran over here, and got in this morning. The yacht wants a new foretopmast, so we shall stay a day or two."

"You'll put up at the Pachas, I suppose?" says the colonel.

"Yes, think I shall; but the old man wouldn't sleep on shore for any thing, now he's afloat."

"Very good entertainment, this."

"Capital. See that Guardsman cut the sheep in half? Very clever, that. I saw the bills all over the town, and the garçon told me the whole population was here, so I thought I'd look in."

"Oh, Mr. Dane, *do* look at the performance!" breaks in Mrs. Ferrers. "There's Captain James cutting a silk handkerchief with his sword."

"Saw that done when I was on the Nile," observes the yachting suit.

"Pretty trick," says the colonel.

"He gives the entertainment, doesn't he?" inquires Dane.

Minnie comes in with a sudden "Yes, and—" Dead stop and confusion.

Dane looks at her and goes on: "Looks very respectable for a fencing—"

Then, receiving a fearful frown from Mrs. Ferrers, he also stops dead and is confused.

The colonel comes to the rescue promptly. "You've become devilish attentive to the ladies since we saw you last, Dane. How did you like the fair damsel you picked up?"

"Ah," laughs the yachtsman, "a fine antique, I fancy. Who is she?"

"You entertained an angel unawares," Minnie interrupts, gravely; "that was Mrs. Hatchard, the English clergyman's wife."

"By Jove, what a holy task it was, then! That's one to me."

"Her husband ought to give you religious advice gratis," returns Minnie; "teach you the Catechism, marry you, bury you, and send you straight to heaven, for your gallantry to her. Oh, mon Dieu! how comic she looked!"

"How do you know I'm not married already?" says Dane, rather amused.

"Tant pis pour vous. You might have had a great chance with the eldest Miss Hatchard, after saving her mother from a broken nose."

"So considerate of you to think of it for me!"

"Yes, isn't it? And you might have taken away the bride in that yacht of yours, you know. 'Dost like the picture?'"

Dane laughs a jolly laugh. "Quite a character, that child," he thinks.

"Oh, *would* you mind buttoning my glove, Mr. Dane?" interrupts the elder lady. "So sorry to trouble you."

Then, in an under-tone, "Captain James, the fencing man, is Miss Goring's guardian, a friend of the colonel's, very good family, but—"

"Thanks," says the yachtsman; "nearly made a mistake just now."

"Minnie dear," she continues, "couldn't you persuade Captain James to bring you to dine with us to-night?"

"I'll try, Mrs. Ferrers," smiles Minnie; "but he never goes out if he can help it."

"You'll come too, Mr. Dane, won't you?"

"Delighted, 'm sure. Was just going to propose a visit to the yacht."

"Oh, *how* nice!" replies Mrs. Ferrers; "I do *so* like going to see ships."

"All over now," from the colonel, as Jim makes his salute after a turn with Sir Harry Vesey, an ex-dragoon, who is forced by "circumstances" and a long tailor's bill to reside at Malaise.

"Well, Mrs. Ferrers, how did it go off?" inquires the fencing master, coming up to the party, and receiving an approving nod from Minnie.

"*So* nicely; we've all enjoyed it immensely. But we want you to come to dinner to-night with dearest Minnie." Jim bows. "And Mr. Dane here (oh, I beg your pardon! Mr. Dane, Captain James) has been kind enough to offer to take us over his yacht this afternoon."

"Shall be delighted to see you too, captain," politely says the young man.

"I can't come myself, unfortunately," answers Jim; "but my ward will try a whiff of the sea breeze, I know, with the greatest pleasure, if Mrs. Ferrers will take her under her wing. I have to see to the removal of all this, and to pack off my guardsmen."

"Well," says Mrs. Ferrers, "I take charge of Minnie till half past seven, when we shall expect you at the hotel."

"Au revoir, then;" and they depart toward the port, past the company of soldiers who formed the guard of honor for the Commandant De Ricochet and his staff.

"Gar-rd' à vous!" shouts the captain on duty; "en avant—marche!"

Off they tramp, and Jim, left alone with the workmen who are taking down the flags and decorations, sits down on a box, lights his pipe, and opens a letter, received that morning, which he has been too busy to read.

"17 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C., *July* 16, 186–.

"*Re Mistress Anna Tregarvan, deceased.*

"Sir,—We have received instructions from the executors of your paternal aunt, Mistress Anna Tregarvan, spinster, lately deceased, to inform you that they are prepared to pay to your account, on receipt of your directions, the sum of £12,000 consolidated three per cents., free of legacy duty, to which you are entitled under the will of the said late Mistress Anna Tregarvan; and furthermore to hand over to you, or your solicitors, an antique gold snuff-box set with diamonds, bequeathed to you by the said lady in a codicil of her said will.

"Awaiting your reply, we remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

"Caysay & De Murrer.

"To Captain James Tregarvan, 15 Rue St. Dominique,
Malaise-sur-Mer."

"Well, I *am* blowed!" observes the fencing master.

And then he goes off to the cliffs, where he smokes like a chimney for some hours, regardless of time, ouvriers, and guardsmen, and watches the *Watersprite* as she steals along the coast before the gentle sea-breeze.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Marsh, on the 17th of February last, made a communication to the Connecticut Academy on a new order of eocene mammals, for which he proposes the name of *Tillodontia*. These are among the most remarkable vertebrates found in the American strata, and seem to combine several distinct groups, such as carnivores, ungulates, and rodents. In one genus, *Tillotherium*, the skull has the same general form as the bears, and in its structure resembles that of the ungulates. In each jaw there is a pair of large cutting incisors, covered with enamel, and growing from persistent pulps, as in rodents. The skeleton is most like that of the carnivores, especially the bears. The radius and ulna and the tibia and fibula are distinct. The other genera of this order have less distinctive characters. Some of the animals were as large as a tapir.

There appear to be two distinct families of the new order; one of them, which Professor Marsh calls *Tillotheridæ*, in which the large incisors grow from persistent pulps, while the molars have roots; and the *Stylinodontidæ*, in which the teeth are without roots.

A new species of the kangaroo, of the genus *Dorcopsis*, has lately been obtained from South-eastern New Guinea by Dr. Albertis, and described under the name of *Dorcopsis luctuosa*, this forming the second species of the genus now known from New Guinea. The island of

Aru has long been known as possessing a species of true kangaroo, with a naked nose, described under the name of *Macropus brunii*. This is a remarkable fact in geographical distribution, as all the others known are natives of Australia and its more immediate surroundings.

A Paris journal announces the arrival in that city in November last of forty-eight gourami fish, sent to M. **Carbonnier**, the well-known dealer in aquarial supplies, and who has made a specialty of importing fish of this character. This gentleman now has seventy specimens in all, in thriving condition. The fish is warmly recommended for introduction into the hotter parts of the United States, especially South Carolina, Western Florida, and other sections where ice and frost are unknown.

Their special merit consists in their being fresh-water fish, of large size and great excellence of flesh, that feed entirely on vegetable matter, so that if placed in a pond with plenty of aquatic plants around them, they will live and thrive without requiring any artificial provision.

Mr. **Henry J. Elwes**, of London, has just issued a prospectus of a work upon the genus *Lilium*, one of the most ornamental of plants, to be illustrated by W. H. **Fitch**. The plates are to be in folio, uniform with those of Mr. **Bateman**'s monograph of *Odontoglossum*, and will be completed in six parts, each to contain one large engraving of scenery of the countries where lilies are most abundantly found, as in Japan, the Himalayas, and California. There will be seven other plates in each part, which will be furnished at the price of one guinea.

Professor **Gervais** has described a fossil salamander from the permian formation, to which he gives the name of *Salamandrella petroli*, on account of its occurring in the petroleum beds of the permian formation. It is much more nearly related to the true salamanders than to the *Cheirotherium*, and constitutes a new genus.

On the 17th of February, at Bonn, the death took place of Professor W. A. **Argelander**, one of the most eminent of German astronomers. He was born at Memel on the 22d of March, 1790. As a student in the University of Königsberg he was a pupil of **Bessel**, and in 1820 became his assistant at the observatory. Three years later he accepted a call to the university at Abo, in Finland. He went afterward to Helsingfors, in 1832, and in 1837 was appointed in the University of Bonn, and placed in charge of the observatory, which was completed in 1845. Among his most important publications is that of a celestial atlas which comprises all the stars from the first to the tenth magnitude.

No. 8 of the illustrated catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard College has just been published, and contains the second of the zoological results of the *Hassler* expedition; this by **Theodore Lyman**. It embraces an account of the *Ophiuridæ* and *Astrophytidæ*, and includes those dredged by the late Dr. **Stimpson**. The memoir is printed in quarto, and in the usual excellent style of this series of catalogues, and is illustrated with five admirable plates. The memoir opens with a list of the species collected by the *Hassler* expedition and by Dr. **Stimpson**, amounting to seventy-four. Of these, nineteen are entirely new. The depth covered by the dredgings extends from the coast shore to 424 fathoms, the greatest number of interesting forms having been brought up in 100 fathoms, off the Barbadoes. The fauna of extreme South America shows a resemblance to the North in the existence of numbers of closely allied species. From Chili was obtained an *Amphiura* not distinguishable from *A. squamata* of the Northern seas. The genus *Ophioscolex*, thus far known in polar seas only, finds a representative in the West Indies.

It will probably be many years before the United States, as a nation, follows the example of Great Britain to any considerable extent in making grants for the purposes of scientific education and instruction. The following table will show the amount voted by Parliament in 1874 for a few of these establishments:

British Museum	£102,442
Kew Gardens and Museum	17,862
Geological Museum	8,998
Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art	9,824
Dublin Museum of Natural History	1,672
Dublin National Gallery	2,380
Museum of the Royal Irish Academy	2,084
Total	£145,262

Mr. **George Smith** has discovered among the Eastern tablets in the British Museum the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. It may be remembered that last year this gentleman published an inscription found on one of these tablets with reference to the deluge, and this second discovery is no less interesting and important than the first.

Lieutenant **Payer**, the well-known Austrian explorer, is, it is said, making preparations for an attempt to cross the glaciers of Greenland from east to west. This has been undertaken several times from the west side (among others, by Mr. **Whymper**, the celebrated Alpine climber), but the greatest distance accomplished has not exceeded from thirty to fifty miles. It is thought that possibly they may be more successful by starting from the eastern side.

Mr. **William Parkinson Wilson**, Professor of Mathematics in Melbourne University, died on the 11th of December, 1874. He had been a fellow of St. John's, in Cambridge, and went to the colony of Australia in 1855 to become a member of the first professional staff of the university there.

Great interest is attached by archæologists to the representations of animals by men of the reindeer period of France, as executed upon bone plates or reindeer horn, etc., and the publication of the design representing unmistakably the hairy mammoth or fossil elephant not long since attracted universal attention. More recently other figures of the same character have been published in an article by M. **Louis Lartet** upon some specimens belonging to the collection of his father, M. **Edward Lartet**. This consists of two sketches of the fossil elephant, made on either side of a polished plate of bone, showing unmistakably the trunk, tusks, and other characteristics, and as the two figures were in different attitudes, it would seem that they were probably representations of the same individual.

M. **Lartet** sums up all the figures of prehistoric carvings known to him of the fossil elephant, remarking that the first one discovered was on a plate of ivory taken from the cave of La Madelaine, in Perigord. A second was found at Laugerie Basse, in Perigord, and a third specimen, from Bruniquel, is a little more doubtful as to its identification. M. **Lartet** in the same article reproduces an engraving of what he supposes to be a glutton or wolverine.

Dr. **Alleyne Nicholson**, formerly Professor of Natural Science in the University of Toronto, has been appointed to the chair of Natural History in the University of St. Andrews.

We learn that Mr. **Rickett**, who visited Spitzbergen in the yacht *Samson*, has expressed his intention of obtaining a suitable vessel and making a voyage up Baffin Bay in the direction of Smith Sound.

It is announced that Dr. **Von Neumeyer**, chief of the Hydrographic Office of the Berlin Admiralty, will be appointed director of the Deutsche Seewarte, the new official institution at Hamburg for the scientific exploration of the ocean and atmosphere.

The vacancy in the directorship of the new observatory at Florence, caused by the death of Professor **Donati**, has been filled by the appointment to the place of Signor **Templi**, first assistant at the observatory of Milan.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. **John Edward Gray**, the veteran zoologist of the British Museum, with which he had been connected for fifty years, and of which he was the keeper for thirty-five years. His retirement from that position and its transfer to Dr. **Albert Günther** were announced in a recent issue of the *Weekly*. Dr. **Gray** was born in 1800, at Walsall, in Staffordshire, and was the eldest of three sons of Mr. S. F. **Gray**, a chemist of that town. He early showed his taste for natural history by writing a work on plants. In 1824 he was appointed an assistant in the natural history department of the British Museum, and in 1840 succeeded Mr. **Children** as keeper of the zoological collection.

The British Museum, as is well known, is the finest zoological cabinet in Europe, only surpassed in one or other of its departments by any Continental collection; yet, as a whole, occupying the highest rank among similar establishments. This is due very largely to the enterprise of Dr. **Gray** in embracing every opportunity to secure new material. In addition to this part of his labors, Dr. **Gray** was also an indefatigable describer of species, and constructor of systematic arrangements. Unfortunately, however, his diagnoses were not always very satisfactory, and to some extent it is a serious question how far zoology, as a whole, was benefited by his published investigations. Certainly, in many instances, his descriptions of anatomical and zoological characters are so insufficient as to render it quite impossible to follow him, with the specimen itself at hand; and even then the distinctions indicated by him have failed to be appreciated by excellent critics.

No zoological writer of the century has so voluminous a list of publications as Dr. **Gray**, the pages of the English journals, and especially those of the proceedings of the Zoological Society, being largely occupied by the productions of his pen. He also published many monographic works, the most conspicuous of which, perhaps, was *The Knowsley Menagerie*. He also prepared many of the volumes of the catalogues of the British Museum.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The distressing calamity which occurred a few weeks ago at St. Andrew's Church, in this city, has led to some important investigations. Inspectors of the Building Department have been actively employed in the critical examination of buildings supposed to be dangerous. A large number have been reported unsafe, and vigorous measures taken to have the evils promptly remedied. A special investigation is being prosecuted in regard to churches, particularly with reference to means of prompt and easy egress. It appears that a large majority of the churches in this city have doors opening inwardly. It will be readily perceived that such an arrangement of the doors would greatly increase the danger in case of any alarm in a crowded house. Out of twenty-two churches, only five were officially declared safe. The reports indicate that safety demands that all church doors should open outwardly. The same necessity exists in regard to all theatres, opera-houses, concert-rooms, and halls designed for large gatherings. And not only should these doors open in the safe direction, but there should be a sufficient number of them to admit of the house being speedily cleared in case of any alarm. The inspections referred to are still being prosecuted by the Building Department, and doubtless will result in some improvements.

The French government proposes to establish a school of mosaic decorations at Sèvres. Such a school was actually established by Napoleon I., with the object not only of naturalizing a beautiful and useful art in France, but of assisting an unfortunate class, the workmen employed being all deaf and dumb. But since 1830 nothing has been heard of it. The fact that one of the most interesting and original conceptions of the architect of the Paris Opera-house was executed by Italian artists has been the means of reviving this plan for a school of mosaic decorations. The original idea will be carried out so far that pupils showing a taste for the art will first be sought at the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum.

It appears that there are no less than forty-eight savings-banks in this State which have unclaimed deposits, and twenty-seven of these are in New York and Brooklyn. The total amount of these unclaimed deposits is $854,844 72, of which $316,656 60 has remained unclaimed for upward of twenty years.

Lactometers, or milk-testers—a recent invention of Professor Chandler—are likely to interfere seriously with the flourishing business of adulterating milk. The lactemeter has been brought to such a degree of perfection that it is not difficult to decide the exact quality of milk, and deputies of the Health Board have been pursuing their investigations among milk dealers and producers. Moreover, it is said that the lactometer may be manufactured at a trifling cost, so as to be within reach of every family. This would soon result in an entire reform in the adulterated milk business.

A foolish person in the gallery of the California Theatre, San Francisco, the other evening, created a panic by crying "Fire!" A bright light shining in at the windows added to the terror caused. The door-keeper barred his doors, and shouted, "There's no danger! the fire is a mile away! stand back!" and at length quelled the tumult by his firmness.

A Massachusetts lady being threatened with a felon on her finger, bound it in a cloth saturated with carbolic acid, by the advice of her physician. The next morning the finger was black and dead. The aid of other medical men was sought, but nothing availed, and it was necessary to amputate the finger below the second joint. The physician who advised the use of carbolic acid could only say that he had made a mistake!

One of the best political speeches ever made came from the lips of a military gentleman of Staunton during the last Senatorial contest in West Virginia. It was as follows:

"Gentlemen,—If no one will make a speech, I will, and I will stop when I get done. Citizens of West Virginia, if you would all take the same interest in developing the resources of your country by opening your rich mines, cultivating the soil, improving your stock, and cultivating habits of industry that you take hunting public offices for yourselves or friends, you would soon have one of the first and best States in the Union."

Who shall decide when dictionaries disagree? A very exciting spelling match recently occurred in Easton, Pennsylvania, between pupils of the Normal School and of Easton Academy. The contest was a tough one, and finally, when but one student of each school remained on the field, it ended on the word "syllabub," or "sillabub." The latter orthography was given; and although Webster and Worcester give both spellings, "syllabub" was decided to be correct, from some other authority, or general usage.

The sum of £98,690 has been voted by Parliament for defraying the expenses of the British arctic expedition this year. Additional sums will probably be needed in 1876 and 1877.

In these days of law and justice (?) the following true incident may be of interest. A lawyer of this city, in commenting the other day upon law and justice, remarked: "I once heard a judge on the bench say, in response to some remark of the counsel as to the judge being bound to administer justice, 'We don't sit here to administer justice! we don't sit here to administer justice! we sit to enforce the rules of law; and we like to do justice as far as it is consistent with law.' A laugh followed; and the judge, looking rather as if he had committed himself, said, imperatively, 'Go on, gentlemen.'"

Those who need to take a nap during the day will find it better for health and digestion to sleep a few minutes before dinner rather than immediately afterward.

Why will not people sign their names in a legible handwriting? It is possible often to pick out the meaning of a badly written sentence, from the connection; but the spelling of names of places and persons can not be *guessed* at correctly. A good story is told of Rev. William S. Potts.

When a clerk in Philadelphia, he took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphic scrawls sometimes seen on bank-notes now. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said, blandly, "Friend, what is this at the bottom?"

"That, Sir, is my name."

"What is thy name?"

"William S. Potts."

"Well, William, will thee please to write it down under here plainly, so that a witness in court could know it?"

Ever after Dr. Potts wrote and lived so that no man could mistake a word or letter.

Terrapin Tower, at Niagara Falls, is to be rebuilt this season.

The climatic conditions in Sicily have been found to be almost identical with those of Japan, and the experiment of cultivating tea there is about to be tried.

Half a dozen snakes recently arrived at the dead-letter office in Washington. They were in a perforated tin box, addressed to Germany, but were stopped on account of overweight.

The new Art building to be erected at Mount Holyoke Seminary, South Hadley, during the coming season, is expected to cost not far from $50,000. It will be located near the east line of the seminary grounds, farther from the street than the Library building. It is to be of brick, sixty-five feet by seventy, three stories high, with basement and French-roof.

Pets have a place in every household; not only merry children, but frolicsome kittens, sweet singing birds, or some live animal to brighten home for both young and old.

"Remember that truth is a jewel; do not covet; respect old age; be content with what you have; live so that men will take your character for an example."

The above excellent rules were found pasted inside the hat of a cattle thief who was recently arrested in Detroit. In consideration of this circumstance the court allowed him to retain his hat and all it contained during his year's sojourn in the penitentiary.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a trite phrase which has its origin in philosophy and physiology as well as in observation. The intimate connection between cheerfulness and good digestion is not always well understood, but the fact is certain that mental depression and disturbance will seriously interfere with the dinner of a delicate or susceptible person, often directly causing an attack of dyspepsia.

In Davenport, Iowa, there is a bank cashier who has read so many newspaper accounts of robbers entering the houses of cashiers, gagging the inmates, and forcing the cashiers to accompany them to the bank with the key, that he has become half crazy on the point. In order to prepare himself for a like emergency, he has a rehearsal every night. He binds his wife to the bed post, and also binds the other members of the family, threatening them with instant death if they resist. Then he gags himself, and marches off to the bank, but outwits the imaginary robbers by leading them directly to the jail. His family did not enjoy this rehearsal during the cold weather.

The "red spider," which often ruins house plants (and which, by-the-way, is said not to be a spider at all, though it spins a web), may be removed by syringing the plant with carbolic soap-suds. The dose must be repeated frequently. What is known as the *Aphis* can be killed by tobacco smoke. But this creature usually attacks diseased plants, and the surest way of eradicating them is to cure the plant itself by sunshine, drainage of the soil, and charcoal.

The third annual report of the Visiting Committee for Bellevue and other public hospitals gives a valuable account of the condition and management of these institutions in which the sick, the poor, and the criminal are congregated. About three years ago this Visiting Committee of ladies was established, their special mission being to visit the wards regularly and frequently, to know the patients individually, to listen to their requests, to help them in their needs, and to see that they were kindly treated. Many reforms have been brought about in consequence of the investigations of this committee, but very much remains to be done to secure proper arrangements in these institutions. One feature in the present system of some of the hospitals, as exhibited in this report, demands reform. There has been noticed a lack of proper supplies at times—soap, sugar, necessary instruments and drugs, bedding, etc.—and it was at first difficult to ascertain the reason of these marked and often long-continued deficiencies. Physicians and hospital officers stated that their requisitions were generally cut down and often disregarded, that food for four hundred would be sent when there were five hundred to consume it. At length it was discovered that these deficiencies were not to be attributed to negligence on the part of the medical boards, nor to the warden or chief of staff, but to an officer called "Medical Inspector," to whom all requisitions go, and who is vested with the privilege of cutting them down or striking them off altogether, without being required to visit the institution from which the demand comes in order to investigate its necessities. Neither is he required to state the reasons for his action to the official who made the requisition, nor even to the Commissioners of Charities. Being responsible to no one, and knowing that economical measures would recommend themselves to his superiors, without intentional inhumanity he cuts down supplies to the lowest mark. Such a system as this demands a reform.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There is more than one way out of a dilemma. A gentleman lately told his little four-year-old daughter that it was hard times now—that if she ate sirup on her cakes she could not have butter also. The child worked her infantile philosophy for a moment, and then, arching her brows, asked, "I can have two cakes, can't I, papa?" "Yes, my dear," he said. "Then I will eat butter on one and sirup on the other," she naively replied.

The other day at the Tombs court a prisoner was upon his trial, and at the conclusion of it he was told that the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit; "that's just my conviction."

The manager of a Scotch theatre at which Kean was playing Macbeth, seeing him greatly exhausted toward the close of the performance, offered him some whisky in a very small thistle glass, saying at the same time, by way of encouragement, "Take that, Mr. Kean, take that, Sir; it is the real mountain dew—that will never hurt you." "No," said Kean, with a significant glance at the homeopathic dose—"no, that I'll be sworn it wouldn't, if it was vitriol!"

It is reported that a man went home at about three o'clock one morning, and, using his umbrella for a billiard cue, smote his sleeping wife in the short rib, crying, "Pool!" and sank into a sweet slumber. He has since explained to his wife that women can have no idea how the cares of business will sometimes affect a man's brain.

Layman.—A man who halts between two opinions is lame on both sides of the question.

What ought a skipper to do after weathering a gale?—Why, thank his (s) tars.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
Snuggling and snoozing by your purring sire—
Mother, I mean (but sonnet rhymes require
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule).
O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
How three of you had yesterday been drowned
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though cook remonstrance made,
Declaring we were overrun with cats,
That licked her cream dish and her butter pats;
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said,
"O cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

All the girls are vegetarians—they wear *turn-up* hats.

A Woman's Right—A right to a husband, if she can get one.

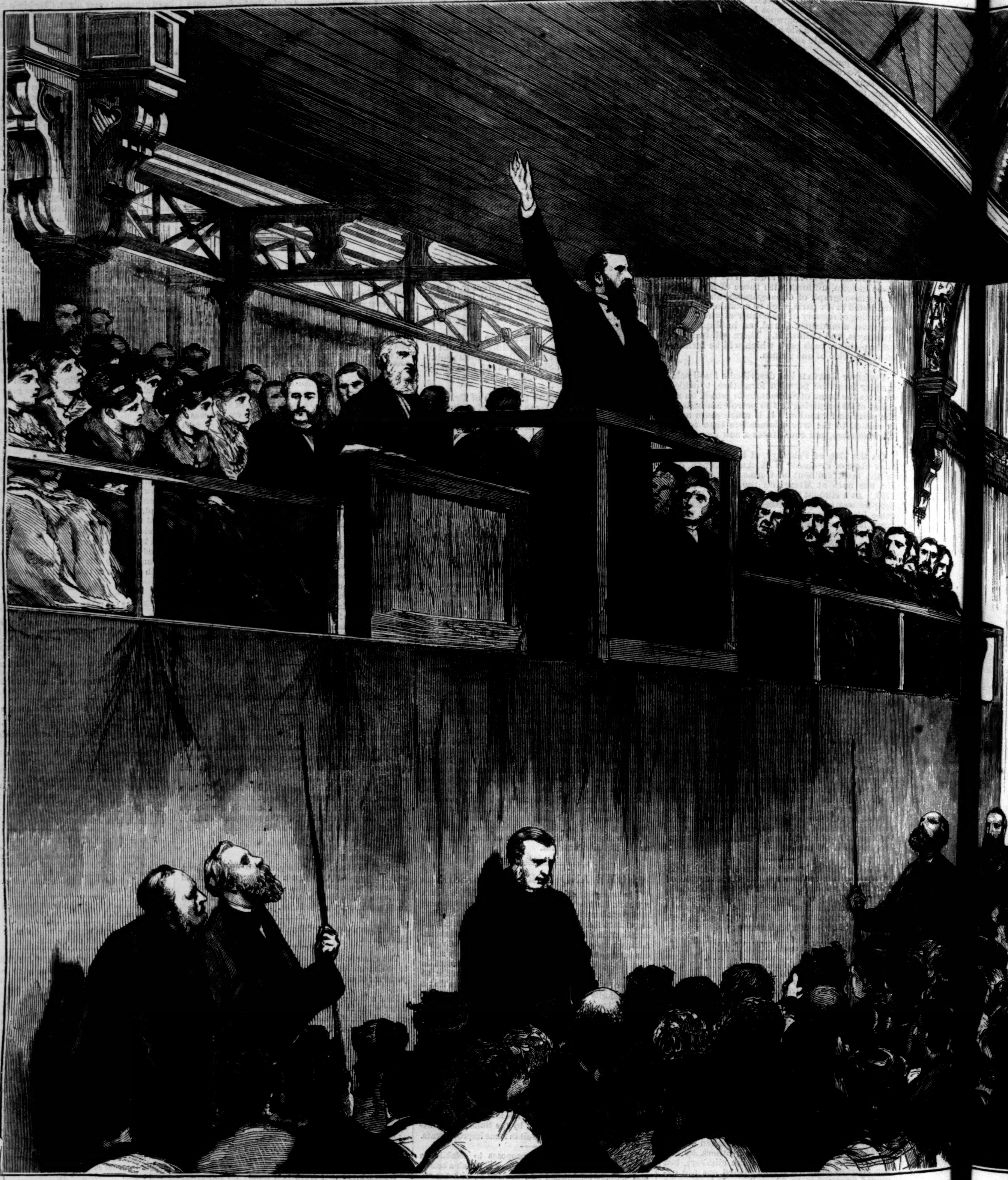
"What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked a school-master of a pupil. "*A corn*," was the triumphant reply.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one evening from school. "Well, I don't know," was the reply of young Hopeful; "but I fancy you'd think one rod made an *acher*, if you got such a tanning as I did from old Scroggins this afternoon." The parent stood aghast.

A butcher sold a sailor a ham on credit, but finding in a few days that he had gone to sea, he growled, "If I'd 'a known that he wasn't going to pay for it, I'd 'a charged him threepence more a pound for it, the rascal!"

Too Late.—A student was reprimanded by the professor for his lateness at morning prayers, and excused himself on the plea that the prayers took place too late. "How," said the professor, "is six o'clock too late?" "Yes, Sir," replied the student: "if you had them about four, I could attend, but no man could be expected to stay up till six."

Abstracted.—A thief who fell into a fit of *abstraction* and got lost in thought, after wandering a while in his own mind, found himself at last in the arms of a policeman.



THE GREAT REVIVAL IN ENGLAND—A SERVICE OF MESSRS. MO AND SA

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

In the summer of 1873 two American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whose names were well known in connection with religious movements in this country, commenced a series of revival meetings at York, England. They had been invited to visit that country by some gentlemen who had heard of their success in awakening great masses of people to Christian truth, and who desired to try the effect upon English minds of the direct and fervent modes of appeal characteristic of American preaching. Their choice could not probably have fallen upon men better adapted to carry out this work. Mr. Moody, who was born in Massachusetts in 1837, and at the age of seventeen confessed his faith in the doctrines of Christianity, has passed nearly his whole life in Christian work. Soon after his conversion he went to Chicago, where he entered heartily into Sunday-school labors, especially among the poor and outcast. In this work he was so successful that after a time he gave up business that he might give his whole attention to the higher pursuit. The children brought in the parents, and soon Mr. Moody had not only a Sunday-school but a church under his charge. During the war he acted as a missionary among the soldiers, and greatly endeared himself to all by his faithful services. At the close of the rebellion Mr. Moody returned to work in Chicago. His church was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. A large church is now building in its place, at a cost of $100,000. A large part of this amount has been contributed by Sunday-school children in various parts of the country. Mr. Sankey, who accompanies Mr. Moody, is a gentleman whom he met several years ago in Pennsylvania, and engaged to help him in his work by conducting "the service of song."

Their first meetings at York were not very successful. They had to win their way to the confidence of the people, and that by slow degrees, as at first they had none of the clergy to back them, and there was a general suspicion or uncertainty with regard to them. The other towns visited in the north of England were Sunderland, Newcastle, and Carlisle. In these places, especially in Newcastle, they made a deeper impression, and met with such success that they were invited to visit Edinburgh. They reached that city in November, 1873, and were at once taken into the favor and confidence of both clergy and laity. The first week congregations numbering 2000 persons attended the services every night, and the people were greatly moved by Mr. Moody's fervent exhortations and Mr. Sankey's songs. Noon prayer-meetings were also held, these being attended by about 700 persons daily. In the second week it was found necessary to open several churches to accommodate the constantly increasing number of persons wishing to attend the exercises. Ministers of the different Protestant denominations entered heartily into active co-operation with the evangelists, the number of converts rapidly increased, and larger places of assembly were required. The Corn Exchange Building was used every Sunday, and was filled with 5000 persons, while halls and churches were crowded as never before. Mr. Moody preached seven times on Sunday, Decemb audiences a
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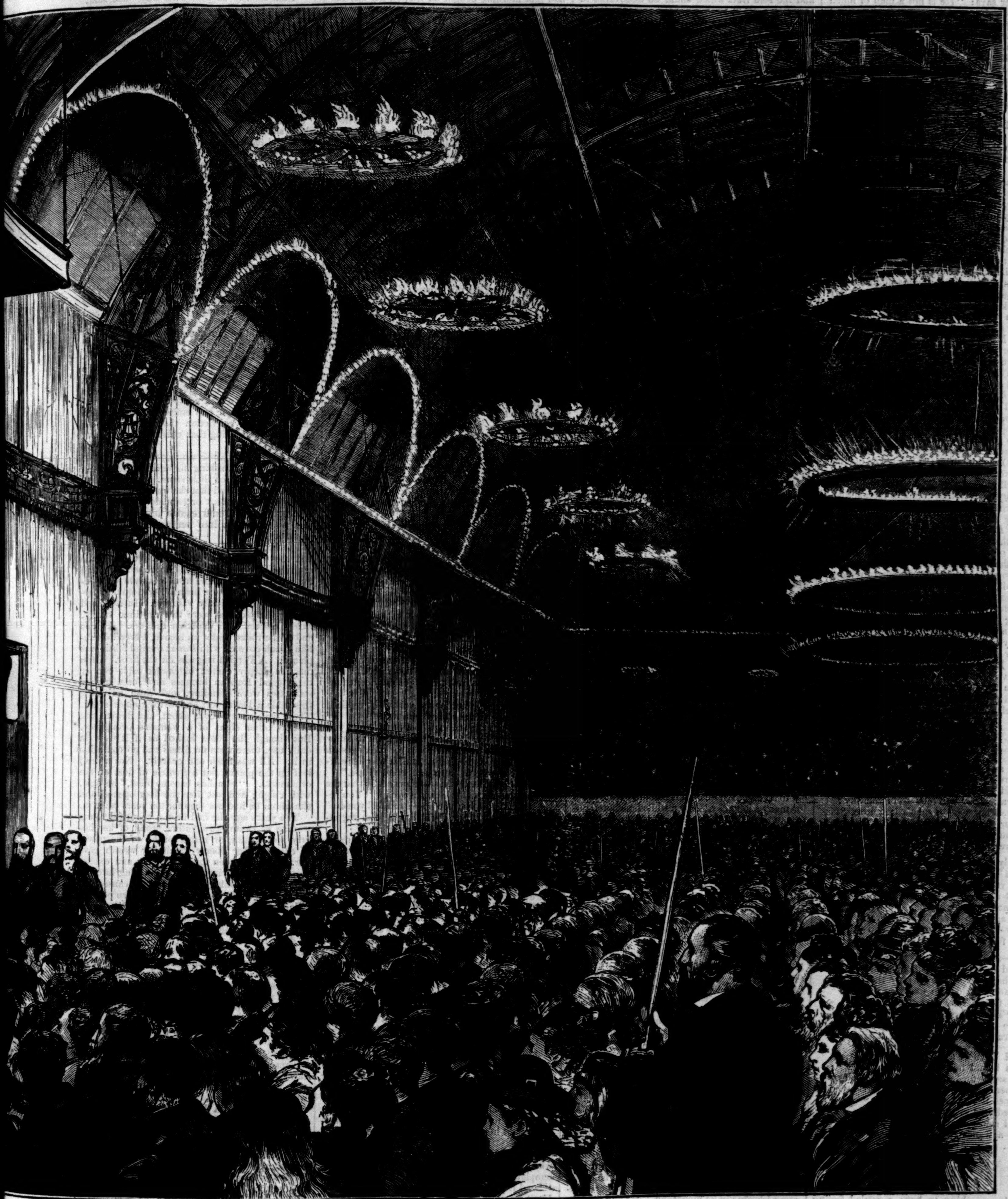

ND SANKEY AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

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same place a Christian Convention was held which, Dr. CAIRNS said, was unparalleled in the history of Scotch Christianity. It is reported that 2000 ministers and other church officials, some of whom were from England, were present on this occasion. Meetings were held in ship-building yards, and were attended by thousands of persons. It was stated that there were 10,000 conversions during Mr. MOODY's stay in the city.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY returned to Edinburgh in May, and labored there and in other places in Scotland till September, when they crossed to Ireland, and, beginning at Belfast, by their preaching and singing awakened great revivals in that place and in Londonderry, Dublin, and other cities. At Dublin the public interest excited was beyond even what had been hoped for. The farewell meetings there continued through three days. On the second day Mr. MOODY addressed a gathering of 2000 converts, and on the third he met in conference 800 ministers from all parts of Ireland.

Their first meetings in England were held in Manchester in November, 1874. Extensive preparations had been made for their coming. They first attended a communion service in which 2000 Christians of various denominations joined. They had the active co-operation of both the clergy and laity of the city, and for four weeks great congregations met daily for prayer, Bible-reading, and to hear preaching. From Manchester the evangelists went to Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, and every where met with great success. In the latter city services were held in Victoria Hall, a temporary building erected at a cost of $20,000, and capable of containing 8000 or 9000 people. Great expectations had been aroused by the news of the success of the evangelists elsewhere, and at their first meeting the hall was crowded, many persons having come a distance of thirty miles to attend the services. During the first week two daily services were held—a prayer-meeting at noon, with 6000 persons usually present, and preaching at night, with a large congregation present. On the second Sunday, in addition to the usual morning and evening meetings, Mr. MOODY addressed 8500 women in the afternoon. During the second week three meetings daily were held, and a constantly increasing interest was manifested.

Early in March of this year Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY went to London, where their success in awakening religious feeling among the people has been no less marked than in other places. Their first meetings were held in Agricultural Hall, Islington, a building capable of holding from 15,000 to 16,000 people, and in Exeter Hall. The above illustration shows a crowded meeting at the former place.

From a London pamphlet, giving a summary of the main results believed to have been secured by the work of these men in Great Britain, we learn that great masses of people indifferent to religion have been brought under its influence, that nearly 50,000 persons have been converted, that the union of Christian bodies has been advanced, that there has been increased activity among churches and ministers, and a general revival of Christian work in all directions.

Mr. MOODY's method as a preacher, and the elements of his power over great masses of people, are discussed at length in many journals. A

Scotch paper says: "He is not a man of much education or culture. His manner is abrupt and blunt, his speech bristles with Americanisms, his voice is sharp, rapid, and colloquial, and he never attempts any thing like finished or elaborate composition. But he is in downright earnest. He believes what he says. He says it as if he believed it, and he expects his audience to believe it. He gets wonderfully near to his hearers without any apparent effort. Whatever size the audience may be, he is at home with them at once, and he makes them feel that they are at home with him. He is gifted with a rare sagacity, an insight into the human heart, a knowledge of what is stirring in it, and of what is fitted to impress it."

The same paper says of MR. SANKEY: "At public meetings MR. SANKEY seldom goes beyond the singing, except to say a few words connected with his hymns, or to give some little incident fitted to encourage and stimulate. The feeling thrown into his singing and the beauty of the singing itself are his great charms. MR. SANKEY is very particular about distinctness of articulation, and in his solos every word and syllable may be heard as distinctly by his audience as if he was speaking. In the after-meetings MR. SANKEY takes a more prominent part. He converses with the anxious, and gives them suitable instruction and counsel."

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY are at present holding services in the East End of London, where there is a dense population of the poorer classes. The comments of the London press on their work are by no means harmonious. The *Saturday Review*, as a matter of course, ridicules it. The *Spectator* ascribes to MR. MOODY shrewdness, directness, and some capacity for pathetic appeal, and believes that, on the whole, he may do good. *Punch* advises the revivalists to join a circus. The *English Independent* (Nonconformist) says of them: "Whatever opinions may be entertained of the value of their endeavors, few will refuse to recognize the single-minded simplicity of spirit that animates their action." The *Church Times* (ritualistic) favors them in as far as they are earnest Christian workers. The *Methodist Recorder* welcomes them to London; and notwithstanding the sneers of certain papers, incapable of understanding the depth and sincerity of the movement, they have received the hearty indorsement and co-operation of religious bodies, while the great mass of people hear them gladly.

The history of this great movement, in all its interesting and thrilling details, with graphic sketches and portraits of the men engaged in it, will shortly be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *The Work of God in Great Britain.* It has been carefully prepared by Rev. R. W. CLARK, and will be eagerly sought by all who desire to understand the greatness of that work, which must have a far-reaching influence on the religious development of Europe and America.

BROKEN TROTH.

WE were so happy a year ago;
  We were so happy, she and I!
How could we dream that cloud would come
  And scatter our sunshine from the sky?
For I loved her with a man's best love,
  And her woman's heart she gave to me;
Then a hurried parting, some broken words,
  And presently 'tween us rolled the sea.

I was only a sailor lad,
  But ah! I knew I was strong and brave,
And the very thought of her promised hand
  Helped me to battle with wind and wave.
Only a month ago came I
  Home again to my promised love,
And now—I wonder if ever the sun
  Shone for us in the sky above!

For she—ah, well, she is over there,
  Dressed in satins and silks so fine—
Things she knew (it was wisely thought)
  She never would own as bride of *mine*.
"Try to forget," she said to me,
  And "Try to forget," said I, "I will!"
But mine was a truer heart than hers,
  And truth is lingering within it still.

To-day I listened, and heard the words
  Which bound her close to another's life;
But I'm sure—for I watched her dimming eyes—
  That her heart is *mine*, though *he* calls her wife.
What does it matter? Only this:
  A bleeding heart for a man to hide,
A pitiful sense of weakened faith,
  And—a wanderer over the ocean wide!

ENDED!

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"IT is something to have a settled feeling after such a long period of uncertainty." These were the words that Guy Desmond kept on using to himself the day after his engagement with Lily Baron was announced as an accomplished fact. He had been hovering about on the border-land of the society which the young lady adorned for several months. He had ridden with her in Rotten Row during the season; he had played croquet with her at garden parties in the suburbs; he had followed her to various country-houses when the festival of St. Partridge set in; he had made her "the topic of the town" by his attentions—so her irate friends averred—but he had not proposed to her until the day before this story opens.

Guy Desmond was that very desirable thing, a young English gentleman with a fine estate. The particular branch of the Desmond family to which he belonged had nothing Irish about them but the name. They had left Irish and taken good root on English soil for several centuries, and the sole trait which could be discovered in Guy that seemed to indicate the presence in his veins of some of the erratic blood of Erin was a certain lightliness in love that made wary parents and guardians very shy of him.

There were rumors—how they had arisen, who had first given voice to them, it was impossible to say—to the effect that the invulnerable had been very vulnerable once, that the biter had been very badly bit. The tradition had been handed down from his contemporaries of ten years ago, and many a girl whose heart his looks and words had made high with happiness was cast down into hopelessness by the fell sentence.

"Desmond had a most tremendous twisting once from a woman; he will never marry now."

A good many bright young cheeks paled when it was told as a truth that the gentlest, softest little beauty of the year, Lily Baron, had really won him. He had gone quite as far with dozens of other girls, to all appearances, and then he had ruthlessly left them to wear the willow. But that bad habit was a past one now, so report said, and Lily's sweet triumphant face indorsed the report the first time they appeared in public together.

"She is a dear little girl, and it is time to make an end of that old mistake of mine," so he said to himself the morning after he had made his offer and been accepted; "at any rate, there was no old romance on her side to poison our happiness." Mr. Desmond was rather fastidious on this point. A woman who had loved and unloved would have been powerless to command his sympathies. His half-unconscious search after a perfectly fresh, untried heart had been crowned with unmitigated success. Lily had never fancied herself in love with any man. The bloom was on the plum, the most delicate perfume was about his half-opened rose-bud still.

She was only eighteen when she achieved her triumph, and no half-opened rose-bud could have been pinker and prettier and more absolutely a dainty thing of beauty than she was. Her starry blue eyes had never seen any other than the bright side of life. There had been no briers and thorns about her path. Social sunshine had been over her from her cradle, and the girl had enjoyed it, and expanded in it as a flower might have done.

She was the youngest daughter of a well-dowered widow, who obeyed the precept to "take no heed for the morrow" to the extent of spending the whole of her income in making life as pleasant as possible for herself and her children. "I have given them all good educations and great advantages," she was in the habit of saying; "and now the boys must fight for themselves, and the girls must marry. I am not going to pinch and grind any more." Accordingly she carried on the social campaign with a degree of liberality that made their home a very bright one to the girls, who did not trouble their golden-haired heads as to the smallness of their share of this world's goods eventually if they failed to marry well.

Guy Desmond was fascinated with the whole family. The Indian widow was a graceful, winsome woman, albeit her daughters were grown up and marriageable, and Lily's slim, supple figure and silver-bell-like voice pleased his eye and ear to an extent those organs had not been pleased for many a long day. For a while he labored under an undefined dread of the widow developing the cuteness for which widowed mothers are proverbial. But Mrs. Baron was too clever a woman ever to be wary in the wrong place. She let him alone, and he took the precise road that she desired him to take.

The *Morning Post* made public the fact of Guy Desmond's engagement to the lovely and accomplished daughter of the late General Baron almost before Guy Desmond was quite sure of it himself. The conclusive words could hardly have been spoken before the *Morning Post* was "requested to state that the marriage would take place very shortly." "It must be that woman's doing," he told himself, savagely, as he read it at his club, and marked how other men read it also and then glanced furtively at him. And by "that woman" he meant the mother of his Lily, the confiding, quiet lady who had always suffered him to go his own way without let or hinderance. Could it have been by design that she had seemed so unobservant of him, and so little anxious as to what his attentions were likely to culminate in? Well, it was too late for him to dive into the subject now. He was engaged to Lily, one of the loveliest girls in London. Engaged to Lily; and so farewell the old romance!

It was at this juncture, just as he sauntered away from his club to go and call on his young betrothed, that Mr. Desmond made that remark which has been quoted already, "It is something to have a settled feeling after such a long period of uncertainty." The only thing he hoped now was that the settled feeling might never become irksome in its monotony. He had got into the habit of thinking himself such a confirmed rover that it was hard to contemplate a career of calm domesticity just in the first flush of the change.

"I ought to have taken to it ten years ago," he said, moodily; "it's rather late for a fellow to go into harness now." Then he thought of the harness he had once so nearly donned; and altogether his rose-bud found him a more depressed lover than was well when he did get himself into her presence.

He was not addicted to a florid style of dress or to a redundancy of ornament; therefore a large gold ring with a shield that turned on a pivot, which he wore on his left hand, had always attracted Lily's attention. This morning—this first confidential, settled morning—she questioned him about it with the flattering audacity young women will employ on such occasions.

He was fitting the engagement-ring, which he had that morning bought for her, on her slender third finger, when she pulled herself up in the midst of her rhapsodies respecting the diamond solitaire to say,

"You don't like gem rings for yourself, I see."

"No; I don't like any but a plain gold ring on a man's hand," he said.

"That ring you wear—let me look at it, Guy. I have often worried myself with wondering if there is any hair in it. *Is* there any hair in it?"

"No, my darling," he said, quickly, holding his hand out of her reach. "Let me see how your diamond suits you. I must get you a locket to match it. Never mind my ring."

"But I do mind your ring, Guy. Do let me look. It's the first favor I have asked you." And she pouted a little.

For a few moments he hesitated. Then he said:

"Before I let you look, you must listen to me, Lily, and you must be sensible about what I am going to tell you. Ten years ago this ring was put on my finger by a woman I was madly in love with. We parted, and the only thing she asked of me was that I would send this ring back to her if I ever asked another woman to be my wife. I would keep my promise if I could. The ring should be returned if I knew her address, but she has passed out of my reach, apparently."

"Was she pretty?" Of course Lily Baron asked the inevitable question first. Other inquiries would be poured in after a while, but the most important point to be discussed first was her by-gone rival's beauty.

"At times she was lovely," he said, meditatively.

"And at other times was she plain?" Lily asked, quickly. "I think I know the sort of face you mean. It generally—"

"You don't in the least know the sort of face I mean," he said, good-humoredly. "Come, Lily, tell me, how do you like your ring?"

"It is perfect—charming! the very biggest and brightest diamond I have ever dreamed of. But I shall love it more when you love your plain gold one so much less as to trust it in my hand. Let me look at it, Guy."

He took it slowly off and handed it to her, and despised himself freely the while for his weak concession to her womanly curiosity.

Lily turned and twisted it about in silence for a moment or two. Then she exclaimed:

"Why, here is her portrait! Oh, Guy, Guy, what a beauty she is!"

"Ah, but that was taken ten years ago, remember, when you were a bit of a child," he said, pleased in spite of himself at the involuntary compliment she had paid to the beauty of her predecessor.

"And you haven't seen her for ten years. Do tell me her name, and a little more about her," the girl asked, with a spasm of jealousy contracting her heart.

"I haven't seen her for ten years," he replied.

"What did you say her name was?"

"You dear little strategist! I haven't told you her name at all yet. It won't hurt you to know it, though, or to hear a bit about the rock we split on. Her name is Katherine, and it was her self-will that came between us and wrecked me."

He spoke the last words so mournfully that the tears started into Lily Baron's eyes. "You regret her still; I know you do—I can feel you do."

"I don't regret her, my darling. I'm regretting my lost years."

"And at the same time the woman who made you lose them," she said, piteously. "Oh, don't do it, Guy! don't think tenderly even of the time you knew with her or wasted through her. I can't bear it." Then she looked at the tiny miniature again, and said: "What a haunting face it is! I shall never be able to forget the look in her eyes and the half-smile on her mouth. Take your ring, Guy. I wish I had not asked to see it. Don't wear it again, though, if you love me."

He did love her. He loved her for her freshness, for her pliability, for her youth and beauty, for her jealous love for him. But the pictured face had a strange spell for him. He could catalogue his reasons for loving Lily, but his love for the other one had been in opposition to all reason. Otherwise how could he, a man with a stake in society, ever have dreamed of putting that social status in the power of a young widow who often outraged conventionalism?

"Has she married?" Lily asked, presently.

He shook his head. "I think not. If she had—" He paused, and Lily asked, eagerly,

"If she had—what then?"

"She would have let me know of it: she was too honest to let me go on under a false impression about her, though we were parted irrevocably."

"I wonder how you'll describe me to her when you send back the ring," Lily said, contemplatively. Then she went on with energy: "Send it back soon; get it over soon, Guy; do. Until that ring is gone I shall not be able to feel you quite my own."

"As soon as I can get hold of her address I will send it," he said; "but you must remember I have no clew, Lily, and you must be patient."

She gave him a sweet promise that she would be patient, and then the subject ended for that day at least. But a few days after he told her that her patience would not be put to the test much longer; the ring would be restored to its former owner that night.

"How did you find her?" Lily asked, flushing a little.

"She has seen the announcement of our engagement in the *Morning Post*, and she has written to remind me of my promise. I shall restore her ring to-night."

"What does she say? May I see her letter?"

"Lily!" There was an accent of stern reprimand, that she had never heard from him before, in the tone in which he said that one word. She felt at the same time humbled and aggrieved.

"I am soon to be your wife, Guy," she said, with more spirit than he had believed her to possess. "Our interests are very closely bound together already. I did not think you would consider it a breach of faith to this lady, who wrote to you fully understanding your position."

"She is not like other women," he said. "I should always have the feeling of acting badly toward her if I showed her letter even to you. Satisfy yourself, my love; the ring will be in her hands to-night, and then it will be ended."

So Lily perforce had to feign a satisfaction which she was very far from feeling, and which she would have been still farther from feeling if she had seen the contents of this carefully withheld letter. Undoubtedly Guy Desmond had been wise in his generation in refusing her a sight of it, for it was to the following effect:

"I see in the *Morning Post* that the event which entitles me to reclaim my ring is about to occur. Let us meet as friends when you restore it, and then we will bid good-by to each other forever without bitterness. I will be at home to receive you at any hour on any day you like to name. Your friend, KATHERINE."

The address was at the head of the letter—"Lee Cottage, Lee Park, Blackheath." He felt a little pang of regret as he thought of the possibility of her having been in this quiet place, so near to him, while he had imagined her enjoying herself in some foreign haunt of fashion and gayety.

There could be but one answer to such a letter from such a woman. She had bidden him, and he must go. So he went down to Blackheath on the evening of the day on which the last interview that has been recorded between Lily and himself took place. And when he found himself in a little garden of sweets, knocking at a porch door half embowered in jasmine and roses, the conviction that he was acting rather rashly in being thus chivalrously obedient smote him.

An elderly woman-servant opened the door to him, and, without asking his name, ushered him into a faintly lighted little room. It was almost a relief to him to find that she was not in it awaiting him. A moment or two alone in her own peculiar temple would enable him, perhaps, to gain some insight into her present tastes and pursuits.

The floor was of oak, polished like a mirror, and the walls were painted of a delicate shade of green. A rod like a golden rope ran round the top of the room, and from this were suspended a few pictures, more beautiful and quaint, perhaps, than intrinsically valuable. Interspersed among the pictures were two or three rarely, richly colored old Venetian mirrors. At one end of the room, under an alcove, a broad divan-like couch covered with some Oriental fabric was placed. A Persian rug was on the floor. On a massive deeply carved black-oak table two or three good Russian bronzes and some marble statuettes were standing, and close adjoining this table a Davenport and writing-chair stood. There were many books about, and flowers and various other signs of a woman's occupancy. But though the room looked as if it were in daily use, there were no litters and no confusion in it. All was fresh and orderly. Not a dead leaf on the plants, not a particle of dust on the ornaments. "She has become neat," he said, with a sigh; and just then the door opened, and she whom he had not seen for ten years came in.

Ten years ago she had been a beautiful young woman of twenty-two, rather proud of her liberty and wealth, or rather proud of the power of enjoying her liberty which her wealth gave her. She had been fond of gayety and excitement; fond of society, fond of entering into the same with a dashing profusion that caused her name to be freely handled. She was so perfectly independent and so perfectly pure that she did things that bolder, worse women would have shrunk from doing, or have blushed to be known to do. In short, the world elected to judge her harshly because she was as recklessly defiant as a child, although as innocent as a child. And Guy Desmond had elected to indorse the world's judgment, and so they had parted.

The woman who now presented herself before him after ten years of utter separation had outgrown that defiant recklessness, though all of the former innocency remained. He took in every detail of her appearance, face, figure, dress, as she paused for a moment at the door, and then advanced to greet him. And this is what he saw:

A woman of middle height, with a graceful, well-rounded figure. She had been slender to thinness in the old days, but time had rounded and softened every line. The suppleness of youth had not deserted her yet; he recognized that truth with pleasure as he marked the swaying, easy grace of her waist and throat, and the lissom movement of her shoulders and arms. Her form was clearly outlined too, for this meeting took place before the days of costume dresses, and Katherine, or Mrs. Wylde, as it is time to call her, wore a long plain sweeping robe of black velvet. Round her soft slender throat there was a rich lace collar, and the front of her dress was buttoned with diamond solitaires. These were her only ornaments, with the exception of several massive rings.

The face that was the flower of this attractive stem crowned it well. There had been rich carmine in her cheeks ten years ago, but the carmine had given place now to that healthy hue which just saves a complexion from the charge of paleness. A perfectly clear warm hue it was; it betokened peace of mind as well as health of body.

Her hair, arrayed in soft cloudy masses, was of a golden brown; it was rich, redundant hair, bright as in the days of her girlhood, and arrayed more artistically and less fashionably than it had been in those days. But it was her eyes that made him feel sharply all her beauty, and what he had lost.

They were, indeed, "haunting" eyes, large, liquid, with something of the golden purple of a grape in their depths. Grand eyes: steady and solemn and largely observant—eyes that never flashed quickly about, after the manner of eyes on the detective service, but that bent themselves upon you openly and fixedly, that never blinked or winked or contracted with a sudden mean thought, and that rarely sought the sheltering shade to be gained from drooping their long thick black lashes over them.

All Lily Baron's exquisite sylph-like prettiness faded into nothingness before the presence of this woman. "Had she called him hither solely to enchain him afresh?" he asked himself, hotly. And with the hot question came a chill feeling at his heart. Then the two moments that she had given him for observing her were over, and she spoke, holding her soft warm hand out to him with an enchanting grace that only a churl could have been indifferent to.

"My friend, I am glad to see you once more. Your coming proves that I was right in asking you to come." Then she made a movement bidding him be seated, and he obeyed her, feeling speechless, feeling powerless, feeling that he *could* be her slave again.

"It is ten years since you made me the promise you have come to fulfill to-night," she said, a little more gayly. And then all heaven—all the heaven he had lost—was in her smile as she went on. "You have been long in choosing. You have been very hard to please. Report says that you are a wise and a happy man to have waited for and won Miss Baron."

He tried to utter some commonplace about "report being kind," and failed. Then it struck him that to have ever thought of making the attempt was to have been guilty of disloyalty to Lily Baron.

"Miss Baron and I are never likely to meet," that wondrously charming old love of his went on in that marvelously thrilling voice of hers, that made the *memory* even of most other women's voices seem harsh and discordant to him—"Miss Baron and I are never likely to meet; but if we did, I could tell her that she too is fortunate. I could tell her this, for *I* know you better than she can know you, Mr. Desmond."

"I fancied that you had forgotten that you ever had a knowledge of me," he said, bitterly. How could she have the heart to be so beautiful and so cruelly kind in her power of recollecting, now that she was lost to him forever?

"Ah!" she murmured, with a sweet gracious superiority, that would have been galling to him if he had not loved her for it so dangerously well—"ah! that is only one of the things that I am judged unjustly about. If you are as brave as I am, Mr. Desmond, if you will dare to rake over the ashes of the past, you will find that my recollection of the time when we knew each other well is very warm still."

"Katherine, do you know what you are doing?" He was on his feet; he had crossed the room and was by her side in an instant. "Do you know what you are doing?" he repeated, stammering the words out in a torrent of emotion. He would have given all the possibility of happiness there was in his life to have been spared the feeling which had prompted him to make this speech.

And she was so dangerously calm, so cruelly calm, so perfectly mistress of herself, it appeared to him for an instant. But suddenly the calmness deserted her, and she drew herself away from him, and said, with a flutter in her voice,

"I thought I knew—I thought we were *both* so safe."

"Are you?" he cried, passionately. "That I am not, you see. But are *you* safe? *you*, woman, so cruelly sure of yourself? Katherine, if there was ever any love in your eyes and looks, there is love now. I am as dear to you as ever—Heaven help us both!—and you are as dear to me."

Then her gracious composure, her grand self-reliance, deserted her, and she cried quite humbly and wistfully, "as an ordinary woman might have done," he thought; for, of course, to the lover the loved one is never an "ordinary woman." She felt so besieged, so surrounded and attacked on all sides by this sudden appeal of his. And she had meant to part with him so magnanimously. She had designed remaining in his memory, when he was "married to that other one," as such a very pure shade. And now—now all those intentions and designs of hers were shattered.

"Do remember Miss Baron," she sobbed out at last.

"Remember Miss Baron? I do remember her, the dear trustful child; but I love you, *you* who have done so well without me for ten years as to have developed into what you are. Katherine, after seeing you again, I could never be happy with Lily. I should always do her the injustice of contrasting her with you, and she would be wanting, and I should be wretched. Whether you'll take me or not, I shall restore her freedom to Miss Baron."

A slight twitching set in about the corners of Mrs. Wylde's mouth, and there came a darkling twinkle into her eyes. In the midst of her most intense emotions a woman with a sense of humor sees the funny side of the sad.

"When you say that, do you think for one moment that Miss Baron will be grateful to you for the restoration? No you don't, Guy. You know that to her you are as a god now, and that if you are cast down, especially by your own act, the glory of her young life will be gone. Be true to her, and in being true to her, be true to your best self. Don't weight me with the sense of darkening that bright young heart."

"Give a thought as to how you may darken mine."

"Ah, Guy, you are a man, and are stronger than we are," she said, plaintively. "If we are both weak in our love for you, do you at least be strong enough in your love for us to save us from the worst consequences of our folly. What I endured when I lost you, Heaven knows I would spare another woman. I shall bitterly lament you now; but I shall not do it as bitterly as Miss Baron would."

"I will only make one more appeal to you," he said, quietly. "Our lives are in the balance now, and we must both look well to the weights we use. You tell me to go back and marry Lily Baron, and I will do it if you still bid me when I have said my say. If I marry her, I shall do so praying that she may never come near enough to my heart to find how cold it is to her—praying that no children may bless our union, lest the sons might prove faulty to women as I have proved, and the daughters be rendered miserable by men like me. That will be a nice feeling to marry with, won't it? that will be a nice fate to consign Lily Baron to. Do you still tell me to go back and marry her?"

She thought for a few moments, and then she said,

"My heart is such a faulty counselor, Guy! It bids me tell you to come to me again to-morrow morning, to give me this night for thought. Oh, Guy, Guy, I am such a weak woman!"

And though she wrung her hands and looked up at him with an immense amount of wild appealing grace infused into her manner, he dared not take her into his arms, as his faulty heart counseled him to do, and demand her answer then.

Until late that evening Lily Baron looked for him. She and her mother were together at the opera, and Mrs. Baron in her heart resented it as a slight to her child that Mr. Desmond did not come and show himself in public with her, now that the engagement was gone forth.

"I told you Guy had an engagement, mamma," Lily said, when Mrs. Baron had given vent to an extra sweet-toned grumble.

"Did he tell you who with?" the woman of the world asked, shrewdly. And then, fortunately for Lily, who would not have betrayed Guy's confidence for the world, the habit of conjecture was too strong upon Mrs. Baron for her to wait for an answer.

"I shouldn't wonder if he has gone to some bachelors' orgy, or to see some old love who had small-pox or wanted to marry some one else when he wanted to marry her. It's very odd that he should not have told you where he was going."

How cruel mothers, even the most loving ones, are in these matters sometimes! They know well that their poor children are helpless, but all the same they will not spare them a single stab, a single stinging innuendo.

"Don't look so pale about it, Lily; men will be men," the gay-hearted widow added presently; and she failed to notice the intense agony there was in the poor child's voice as she answered,

"Mamma, don't speak to me of Guy as you would of other men now."

He did not come to their opera-box that night, and all the night through Lily had dreadful dreams, in the which that woman with the haunting face played a terribly prominent part. In the morning she dressed herself, still in a mighty flutter, for the twelve-o'clock ride. "He will be sure to come to me then," she said, as she gave the finishing touch to the crimson satin scarf which she wore round her throat. And the sweet beauty of her face struck her afresh, as the sweet beauty of some women must strike themselves whenever they look in the glass, and she thought: "Katherine is very beautiful, but I think he will be satisfied with me to-day."

Poor child! the day on which he would be satisfied with her sweet presence would never dawn again. A shadow of this truth struck her when he did not come at twelve o'clock, and she had to go for her ride without him, "after having tied her bow so beautifully and all," as she expressed it.

Katherine had tried to be true to what was best, but Guy Desmond's arguments had proved too potent for her. "Why should they all three be unhappy?" he pleaded. "If Katherine sacrificed herself, the two for whom she sacrificed herself would soon cease to thank her for it. You will have spurred me on to my own destruction and hers," he went on. "Think what negative happiness will be her share with a husband who marries her not because he loves her, but because the woman he loves bids him do it."

It would be ended, he had said, when he had restored her ring to Katherine. And so it was; but in how widely different a manner from that which he had contemplated! It ended in this wise: he pleaded strongly for himself, and Katherine's "faulty counselor" pleaded well for him; and Lily Baron had soon to learn that she must resign herself to the position of the left one.

Her mother was kind and bright and cheery enough then. "Lily dear, this is a bad business, but we must both make the best of it. You would like to travel for a time, wouldn't you? Well, we will go to Rome until the talk has ended, and your cheeks have got back their color. Shall we go?"

"Yes, mamma dear," Lily said.

"And you'll come back brighter and prettier than ever. Promise me that you'll take that fine revenge."

"I don't know about how I shall come back," Lily said, dubiously. And then she looked at her mother piteously, and whispered, "And don't speak of revenge."

They never spoke of it to her again; but Guy Desmond felt it to be a "fine revenge" indeed when, some months after his marriage, he read one morning in the *Times*:

> "At Rome, on the 15th November, Lily, second daughter of the late General Baron, aged nineteen. Friends will please to accept this intimation."

That was how it ended for one of the trio.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 18.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Saturday, 1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday, 2.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 6.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 9.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday, 16.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday, 30.—First Sunday after Trinity.

Mr. Hutchinson, the missionary who just missed assassination at Acapulco, sailed on Tuesday, March 30, for Vera Cruz, from whence he will proceed to the city of Mexico. This is his chosen field of labor. He represents the President of the republic, Lerdo, as being sincerely desirous of protecting the freedom of religious worship, but baffled by the fanaticism of the priests and the ignorance of the people. The expulsion of the Sisters of Charity has exasperated the lower orders of the population against Protestants. The Sisters were not, however, banished, but forbidden to live in communities and to wear a monastic garb. The law in this respect is applied impartially to all religious orders. The *Catholic Review*, of this city, says of the Acapulco massacre: "The Mexicans were clearly in the wrong to take such action as they did, but their action was neither unprovoked nor, from a purely national—let us say from a purely American—stand-point, was it either unlikely or unjustifiable." What ground does the *Catholic Review* find for justifying the murder in cold blood of inoffensive Christian worshipers?

Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, the lay evangelists, began their meetings in Cincinnati on March 23. They go there by special invitation of the city pastors. They are to visit Nashville April 15. The *Interior*, of Chicago, reports: "The additions to churches of all denominations in the city and suburban towns the first Sabbath in March were unusually large. In the city the largest accessions were made to churches on the West Side, where Messrs. Whittle, Bliss, and Morehouse have conducted meetings." The Cincinnati *Gazette* thus describes them: "They are both men about thirty-five years of age, and are somewhat similar in appearance. Mr. Bliss is large and finely formed, and has a voice in proportion to his physical development. Mr. Whittle has a good voice, but makes no attempt at oratorical display. His remarks are plain, unadorned, and forcible. He seldom gets off on general issues, but confines himself to the main facts of repentance and salvation." Mr. Whittle was formerly superintendent of the affairs of the Elgin Watch Company.

Herr Wendt, the editor of the *Merkur*, published in Münster, has been condemned to a year's imprisonment for printing in his paper the Pope's encyclical to the German bishops. He was taken immediately into custody. The bill for withdrawing all subsidies from the Roman Catholic Church has passed its second reading in the Prussian Diet. It will take about $900,000 yearly from the Church. The debate on it has been very hot. The speech of Prince Bismarck in reply to Deputy Von Gerlach was especially remarkable for its warmth. He declared that "the question at issue was not whether the country should serve man rather than God, but whether they were to bow down to the Pope rather than the King." The London *Times* states that "conferences have been held between Herr Von Keudell, the German minister at Rome, and Signor Visconti-Venosta, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The German minister was instructed to ask the Italian government formally whether it proposed to take part with Germany or to support the Vatican in its policy. The reply of Signor Visconti-Venosta was that the Italian government sympathized with Germany, and would in no way make itself the champion of the Vatican, but that it must maintain the law of guarantees, which gives the Pope absolute freedom of ecclesiastical action, and places him beyond the control of the Italian state."

A writer in the *Friends' Intelligencer* raises the question of abolishing the Women's Meeting, which has long been a distinctive feature of government among the Quakers. He would have but one meeting, composed of the members of both sexes.

The Rev. Lovick Pierce, D.D., of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, celebrated his ninety-first birthday on March 25, with forty members of his family, twenty-one of whom were great-grandchildren. Dr. Pierce still retains his intellectual faculties in all their vigor, and is now publishing a series of theological essays in one of the periodicals of his Church.

On the 2d of April the Rev. Henry Boehm preached before the Newark Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church a centennial sermon. He was born in June, 1775, and lacks but two months of a full century of years. Mr. Boehm has been recently contributing his reminiscences of the past to the press.

What is meant by the rise of a Protestant empire in the heart of Europe may be seen from the ecclesiastical statistics of Prussia. The *Oberkirchenrath* has recently published the numbers of Protestants and Catholics in the eight old provinces of that kingdom. "1. Pomerania is the most Protestant of all the Prussian provinces, the Protestant population being ninety-eight per cent. of the whole, or 1,397,467 souls. 2. Brandenburg comes next, with ninety-five per cent., or 2,720,721, out of which the city of Berlin counts 732,000 Protestants. 3. Sachsen has ninety-four per cent., or 1,966,541 souls. 4. Preussen has seventy per cent., or 2,202,713 Protestants. 5. Silesia is pretty equally divided, having forty-eight per cent., or 1,761,341 Protestants. 6. Westphalia is a little under this, the Protestant population being forty-five per cent., or 806,464 out of a population of 1,775,175. 7. Posen shows, as might be expected, only thirty-two per cent., or 511,192 Protestants. 8. Least Protestant of all is the Rhine Province, where only twenty-five per cent., or 908,633 out of a population of 3,644,905, profess the reformed faith. As to churches and chapels, Sachsen stands first, with one place of worship to every 755 souls; then Pomerania, with one to every 988; next the Rhine Province, with one to every 1620; fourthly, Preussen, with one to every 2824, etc. The city of Berlin has only sixty-three Protestant places of worship and only 115 clergymen, that is, one church or chapel to every 11,603 and one pastor to every 6365 souls."

The Southern Baptists are about holding a Convention in Charleston, South Carolina. All the Southern States, it is expected, will be represented.

The Archbishop of Cologne has protested, in behalf of all the German bishops, against the bill which gives a share in the administration of church property to the parishes. Dr. Brinckman, Bishop of Münster, has been imprisoned for taking charge of a parish temporarily without a priest. Suffragan Bishop Knebel, of the archbishopric of Freiburg, has been fined five hundred marks for violating the ecclesiastical laws. The Pope has issued a letter to the German bishops, dated March 2, in which he approves their interpretation of the Vatican dogmas, and insists on perfect freedom in the election of his successor. The Old Catholics of Prussia have issued from Berlin a declaration in which they assert their claim to a share of the church property.

On Tuesday, March 16, four of the newly created cardinals received from the Pope the beretta, or cap indicative of their rank. The four—Gianelli, Deschamps, Manning, and Bartolini—proceeded to the Throne-Room in the Vatican Palace, and knelt at the foot of the throne, where the Pope placed the cap on the head of each. After this, says an eye-witness, "they arose and, ascending the dais in turn, placed their hands upon the shoulders of the Pontiff, while he extended his hands to theirs, giving and receiving the apostolic salute." Short addresses concluded the ceremony.

It is needless to say that the six cardinals are decided infallibilists, and have distinguished themselves by their earnest support of the papal policy. Deschamps began his career as a journalist. Ledochowski receives the hat in his prison. The College now numbers fifty-six cardinals; five more *in petto* have been created, whose names are unknown. With these added, the total is sixty-one. All but eight of the College have been created by Pope Pius IX.

In a letter to the Boston *Pilot* (Roman Catholic), George T. Downing, of Washington, and a leader of the colored people of this country, declares that they will, unless protected against the caste spirit of the South, go over to the Roman Catholic Church. He quotes also Bishop Brown, of the African Methodist Church, as having expressed the same opinion. Mr. Downing says:

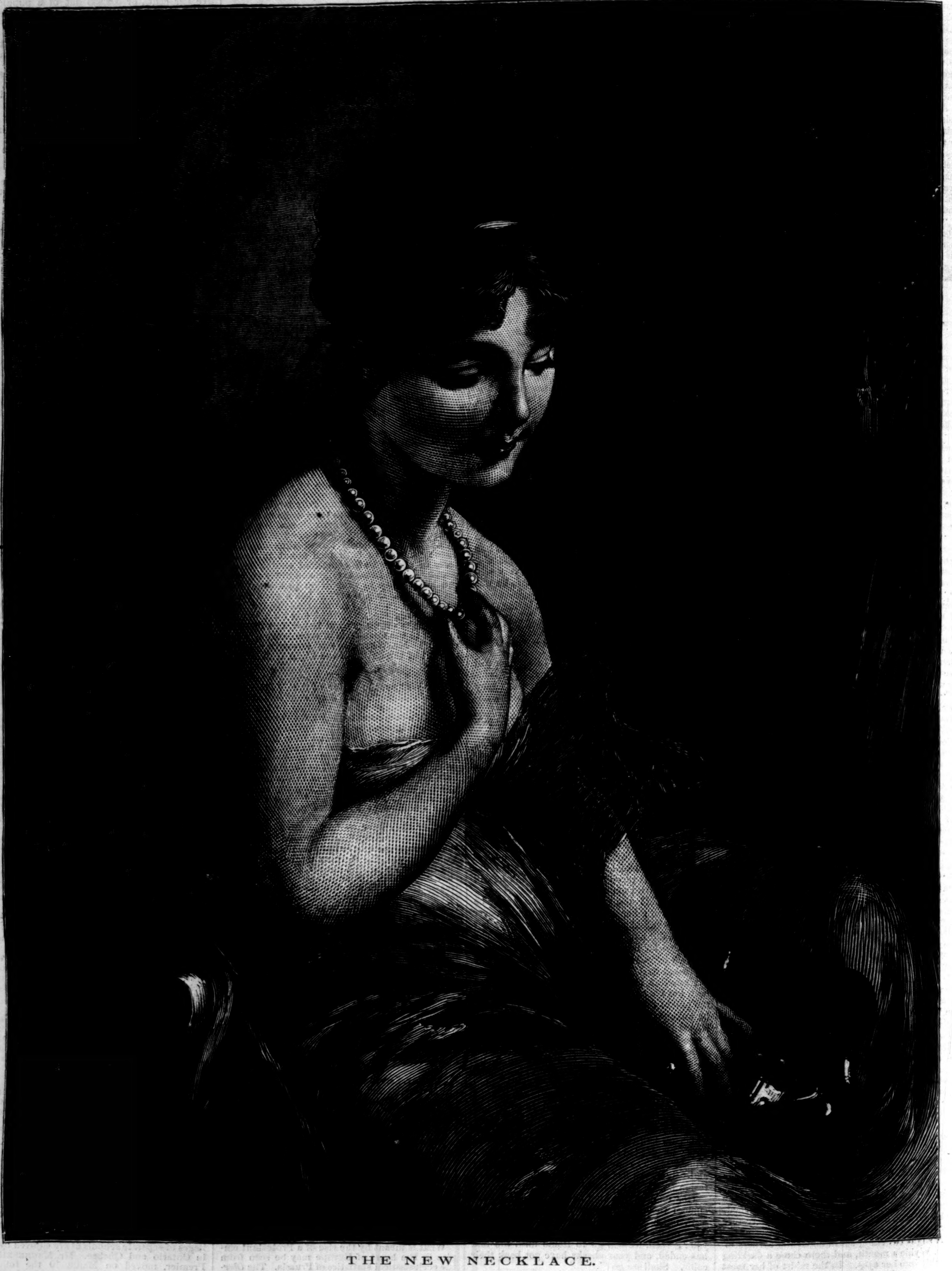
> "I would like to ask what there is in monarchy more hideous, more to be dreaded, than this cruel spirit of *caste* which thus finds sympathy and protection under a Protestant republic? Our republic talks of liberty, and yet mocks and deludes those whom it has reluctantly set free. The Protestant Church proclaims the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and then tramples upon that which it professes to revere. Examined from any point of view, the proposed action of the American people toward the lately emancipated race of the South is without justification. The proper and primary object of all good government is the protection of its subjects or citizens. Civilized government means this, or it means nothing. The mission of the Christian Church is to establish a human brotherhood on earth, to make real the divine doctrine of peace and good-will between man and his fellow-man. If the Church does not mean this, it means nothing. Is not a government which protects my life and property, which protects the fruits of my honest labor, which protects me in the undisturbed enjoyment of my civil and social rights, in the enjoyment of my home, treating me with the same fare with which it treats all its subjects—is not such a government, call it by what name you please, far preferable to one which treats me invidiously, and denies me the enjoyment of my human rights?"

The expression of a purpose to join the Roman Catholic Church in order to a fuller enjoyment of natural rights, as these are understood by Americans, betrays a strange confusion of ideas. That Church denies the existence of such rights, and has never conceded them to any of its subjects.

A letter from Quito, in the Cologne *Gazette*, reports that the republic of Ecuador has passed wholly under the control of ultramontanes. A council of the heads of the Church, established at the capital, governs the country. It is proposed to re-establish the Inquisition.

According to Mackeson's Guide, there are 786 state churches in London and its suburbs. Of these 296 have a weekly communion service; 193 have daily service; 176 have free seats; in 36 eucharistic vestments are used; in 53 altar lights; and in 119 the eastward position is taken at communion by the officiating clergyman.

The details of the debate in the Parliament of Canada on the Costigan resolution confirm the original reports, and are full of interest for the friends of public schools in the United States. The resolution called for an amendment to the Constitution of New Brunswick which would give the Roman Catholic minority the same privileges of separate schools as are enjoyed by them in Ontario and Quebec. Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier, moved on March 10 the following amendment: "In the opinion of this House, legislation by the Parliament of the United Kingdom encroaching on any powers preserved to any province by the British North America Act would be an infraction of the Provincial Constitution, and that it would be fraught with danger to the autonomy of each of the provinces to invite such legislation." This was carried by a vote of 119 to 60. A "rider" to the amendment was also adopted, praying the Queen to use her influence with the New Brunswick Legislature to modify its law in such a way as to remove Roman Catholic discontent. The adoption of the "rider," it is expected, will have no practical result. A similar address in 1872 was referred by the Queen to her law-officers, who affirmed the competency of the New Brunswick Legislature to determine all such questions.



THE NEW NECKLACE.

Another circlet of jewels rare,
To grace the neck of my lady fair.
To deck her beauty they lend their aid—
On her lovely shoulders the gems are laid.

And they gleam with all their lustre bright
On her snowy skin so fair and white;
With its shining beauty the necklace tries
To match the light in my lady's eyes.

It is all in vain, for the gaudy thing
No added charm to her face can bring.
Oh! how could ever a gem outshine
The brilliant glance of this lady mine?

She sits and muses before her glass,
And one by one as the fancies pass,
The smile that over her soft lip plays
Is fairer far than the jewels' blaze.

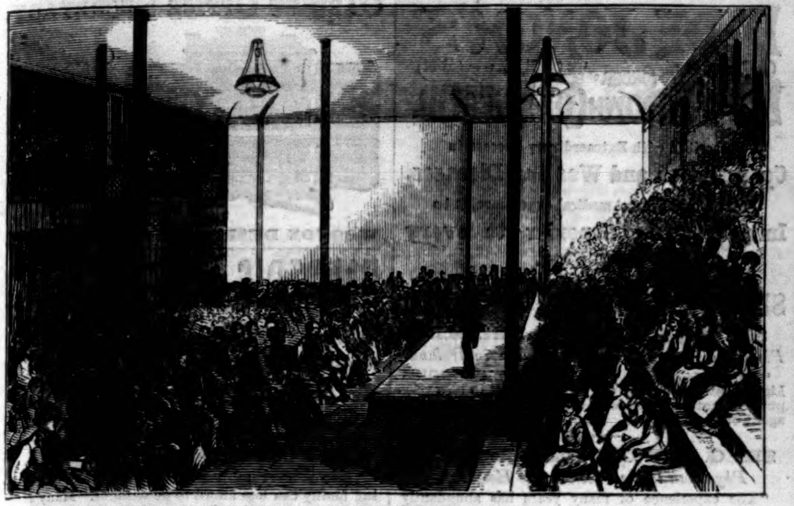
Of whom does my lady fondly dream
While her deep dark eyes so softly beam,
And round her neck with an absent air
She winds the circlet of jewels rare?

My lady dreams of her lover now;
No shadow of care is on her brow,
Though happy tears make the bright eyes dim
With a sweet fond pain as she thinks of him.

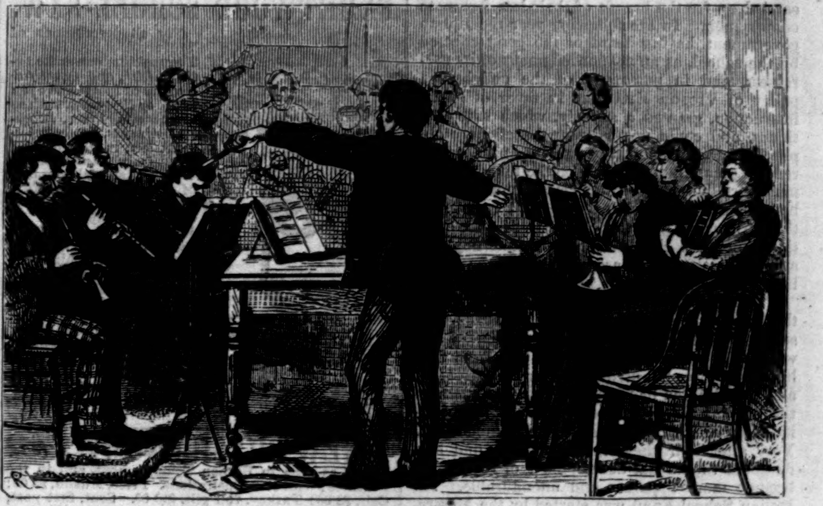
She has caught a glimpse of another light
That clouds the lustre of diamonds white—
For the light of love my lady sighs
That lives in her far-off lover's eyes.

And she fondly wonders if thoughts of her
The lover's heart at this moment stir.
Does he send a good-night wish and prayer
That angels may have her in holy care?

Let the casket shut on the jewels' gleam:
Not of them will my lady dream,
But of him to whom she breathes "good-night"
As her eyelids close in slumbers light.



THE PUBLIC HALL.



BAND PRACTICE.

THE NEW ITALIAN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

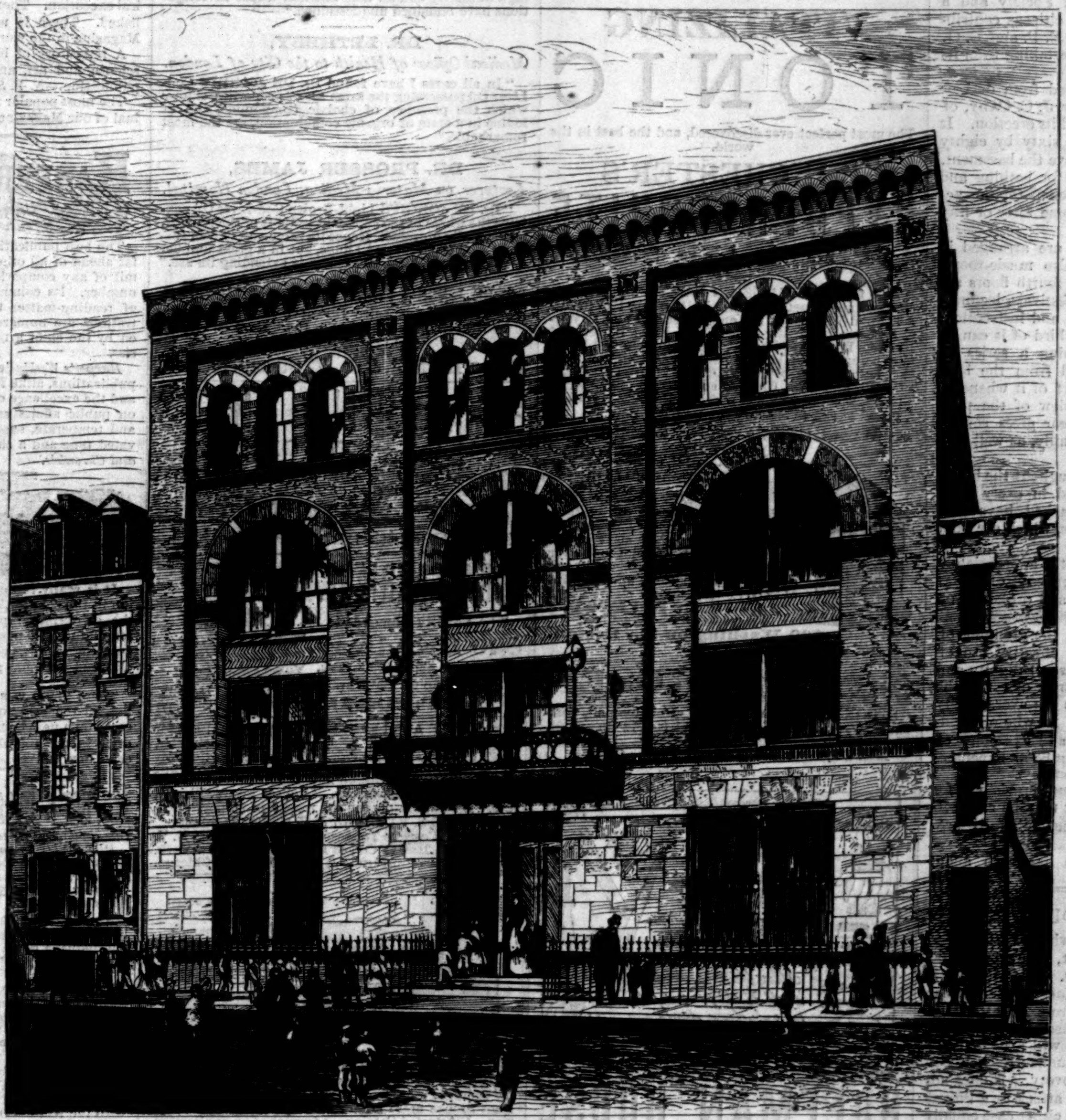
THE magnificent structure erected in Leonard Street, near Centre, for the Italian School, is the result of a movement commenced in the notorious Five Points in 1855, under the direction of Mr. A. E. **CERQUA**, the superintendent of the school, for the moral and mental improvement of our Italian population. For several years the movement met with only moderate success. Several times the school was closed through the opposition of the Roman Catholic priests, who worked on the superstitious fears of the Italians, and made them believe that the real object of the school was to draw them away from their religion. One Italian priest went from house to house denouncing the movement, and from the pulpit uttered fierce anathemas against those parents who permitted their children to attend the school. But notwithstanding these efforts the school gradually grew in favor with the Italians, and since 1857 the attendance has steadily increased in numbers.

Owing to the nature of the avocations followed by the pupils, the school at first held only evening sessions, from 7 to 9 o'clock; but in 1866 a day session was decided upon, and the results have shown that it was very effective in furthering the attainment of the Children's Aid Society's purpose in training the offspring of our lower classes for a life of usefulness and industry. As a compensation to parents who were thus deprived of the little earnings of the day attendants, some sixty tons of coal were for a number of years distributed by E. P. **FABBRI**, Esq., among the most deserving.

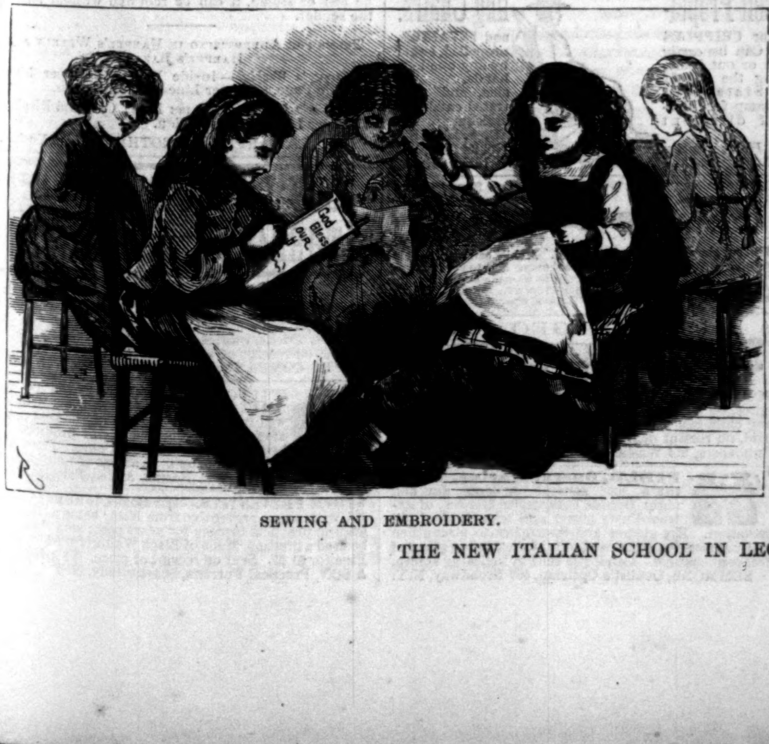
A question of paramount importance, however, forced itself on the consideration of the managers. Either by the exigencies of their work, or for other causes, pupils at a certain age left the institution; and it was this class which Mr. **CERQUA** wished not only to continue under wholesome influences, but also to utilize in the work he had undertaken. At a meeting called for the purpose he therefore proposed to the young men that they should form a society. The proposition met with great favor, and was immediately acted upon. The Italian School Young Men's Association was thus formed some four years ago. A reading-room was established, with a supply of most useful books, the gift of liberal friends. The principal newspapers are taken at the expense of the association. The young men have formed several committees for the different branches of their work, among which a visiting committee for the relief of the needy, with funds raised by their own contributions.

A number of the most industrious young men of the association, prompted by the desire of furthering their improvement, resolved to study music also. They engaged one of our best Italian professors, Maestro G. **CONTERNO**, and under his efficient training were soon able to form what is now known as the Italian School Band, whose proficiency in the beautiful art is really surprising, if we consider that the members of the band are occupied in shops and manufactories, and have but few hours in the evening to devote to music. Their assiduity, attention, and perseverance have elicited the admiration of all their friends, and enlisted the active interest of Messrs. E. P. and E. G. **FABBRI**, who liberally meet such of the attendant expenses as may be too onerous for the students themselves.

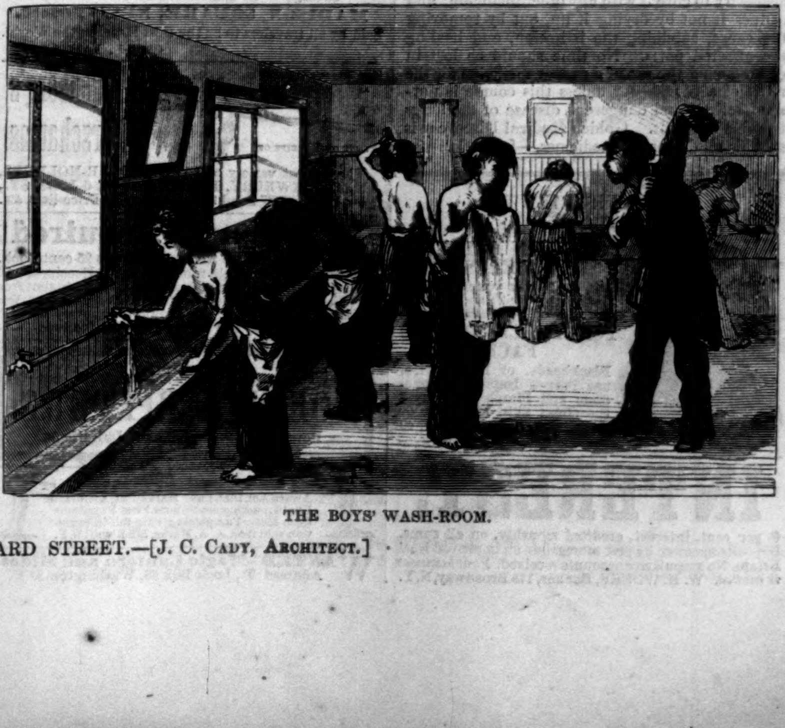
In the year 1864 a subcommittee was formed by a few of our most prominent Italian citizens, with the view of co-operating for the support of the work, which was



EXTERIOR VIEW—LEONARD STREET.



SEWING AND EMBROIDERY.



THE BOYS' WASH-ROOM.

THE NEW ITALIAN SCHOOL IN LEONARD STREET.—[J. C. CADY, ARCHITECT.]

carried on for the benefit of their less fortunate countrymen. In the following year the Italian government, having heard of the good effected by the school, as an acknowledgment of its usefulness, and in pursuance of the enlightened policy of **Victor Emanuel** in favor of public instruction, granted a subsidy, which still continues, and could not be more beneficially applied, for the unequaled prosperity of the school reflects great credit not only on the founders and managers, but also on the class benefited, who have shown as much eagerness to receive as their friends to give the elements of an education which has changed altogether the unpleasant features formerly associated with the population of the Five Points.

The difficulty of finding adequate rooms in that locality proved constantly a drawback, and seriously interfered with the extension of the work. The average attendance was from four hundred to five hundred pupils for both sessions, and the children had scarcely standing room in the evening, without mentioning the inconveniencies arising from ill-adapted accommodations. Year after year these inconveniences and hinderances to the full development of the school became more apparent and unendurable. An Italian School Fund was started by the Messrs. **Fabbri** with the view of securing a building that would answer the purpose. The trustees and friends of the Children's Aid Society and a number of our most prominent citizens contributed very liberally, and Messrs. E. P. and E. G. **Fabbri** took charge of the undertaking from its incipiency to completion.

The building has been erected from designs by the well-known architect, Mr. J. C. **Cady**, of this city, who also superintended its erection. It covers a plot of ground about sixty by eighty feet, and is four stories high above the basement. The latter is mainly occupied for bathing and washing rooms, which are sufficient for the accommodation at one time of some forty or fifty children.

The first and second floors are arranged in large class-rooms, including also music-rooms for the bands. The third and fourth floors are devoted to a spacious hall for festivals, lectures, and purposes of entertainment and instruction. This is so arranged that one-third of it can be separated from the rest, forming a series of class-rooms quite disconnected from the hall, yet capable of becoming a part of it whenever desired, every seat being in view of the platform. An extension in the rear gives several cozy rooms for the janitor's family, as well as a teachers' parlor.

The halls and stairways throughout the building are broad and well lighted in every part. Natural woods, oiled and shellacked, have been used for the interior trimmings, which are bold and substantial.

The façade on Leonard Street is appropriately of the Italian style, and has been built of Philadelphia brick, with first story and dressings of brown and Nova Scotia stone.

The massing of wall spaces, the grouping of windows, and the careful but effective use of constructional color give a sense of dignity and refinement that hardly prepares one for the statement that it cost less than the average city street front. This, however, is where architecture differs from building, and examples of this kind prove that art need not be an expensive luxury, but may be a great economy.

The ventilation, heating, and provisions for the general comfort of all that may be connected with the building have been carefully provided for.

The cost of the structure has been about $35,000.

DON'T HACK, HACK, COUGH, COUGH!

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larnyx by taking cold, from an attack of Bronchitis, from incipient Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily or cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a cough—for unless this course is pursued serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by all dealers in medicines.—[*Com.*]

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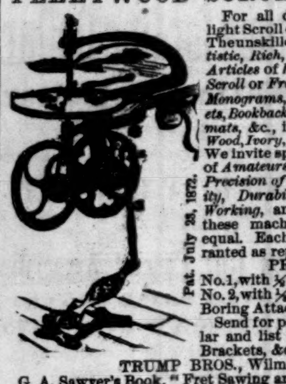

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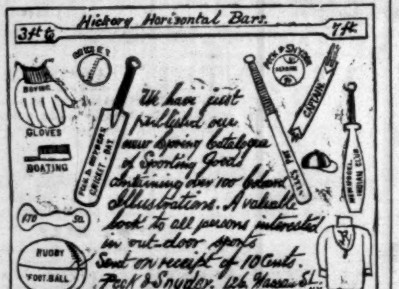

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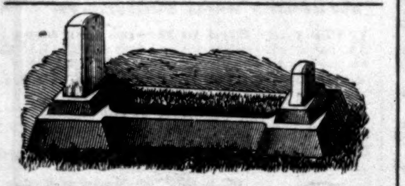

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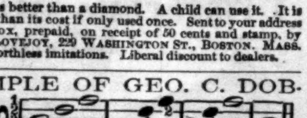

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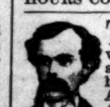

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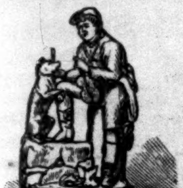

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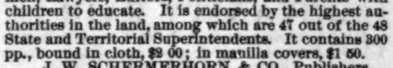

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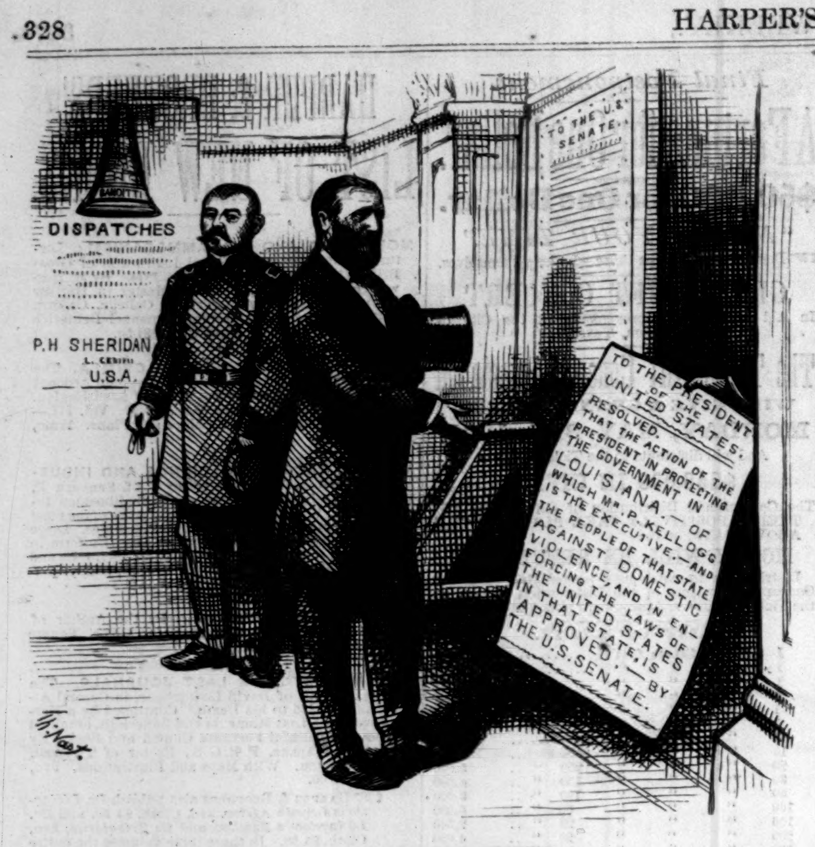
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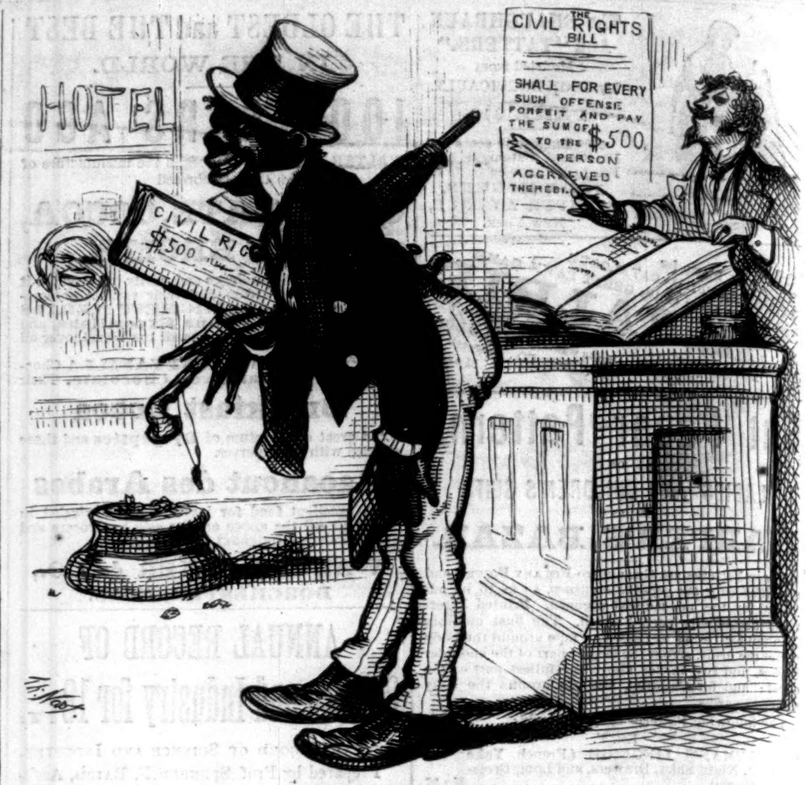
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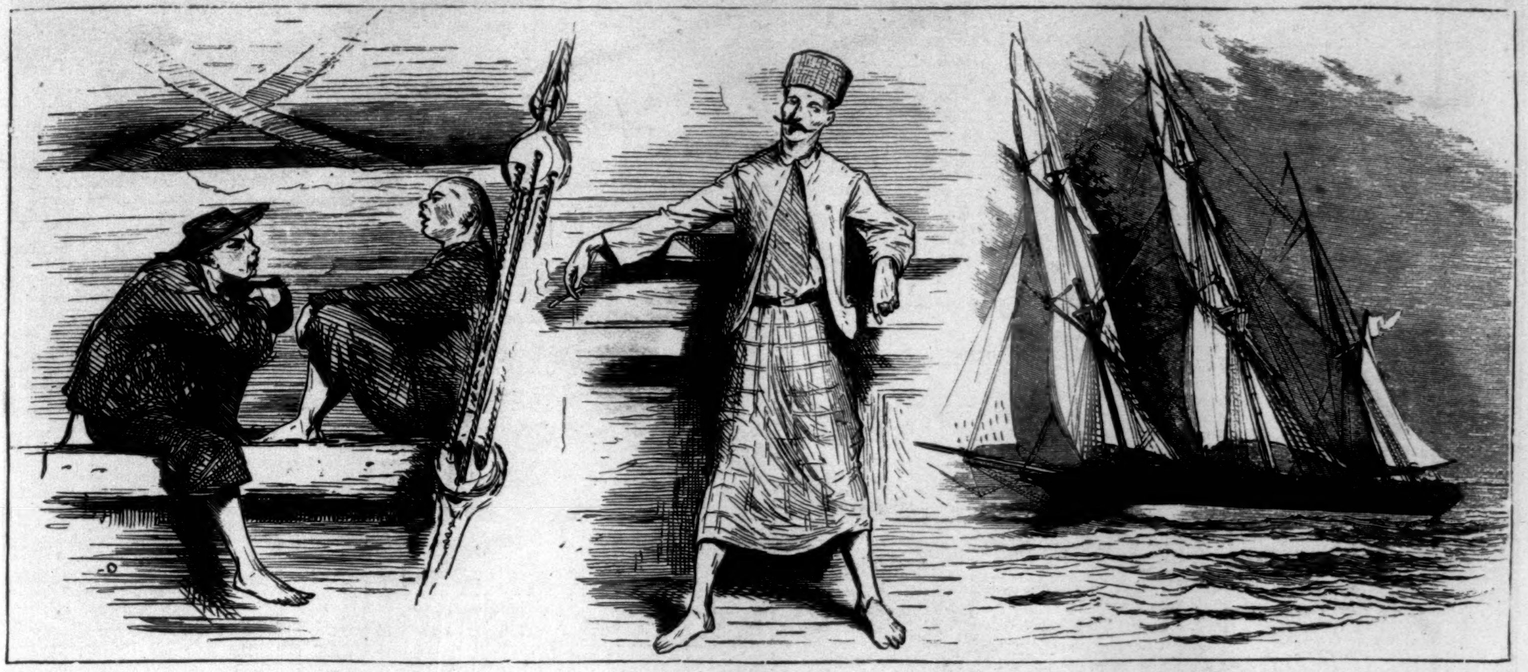
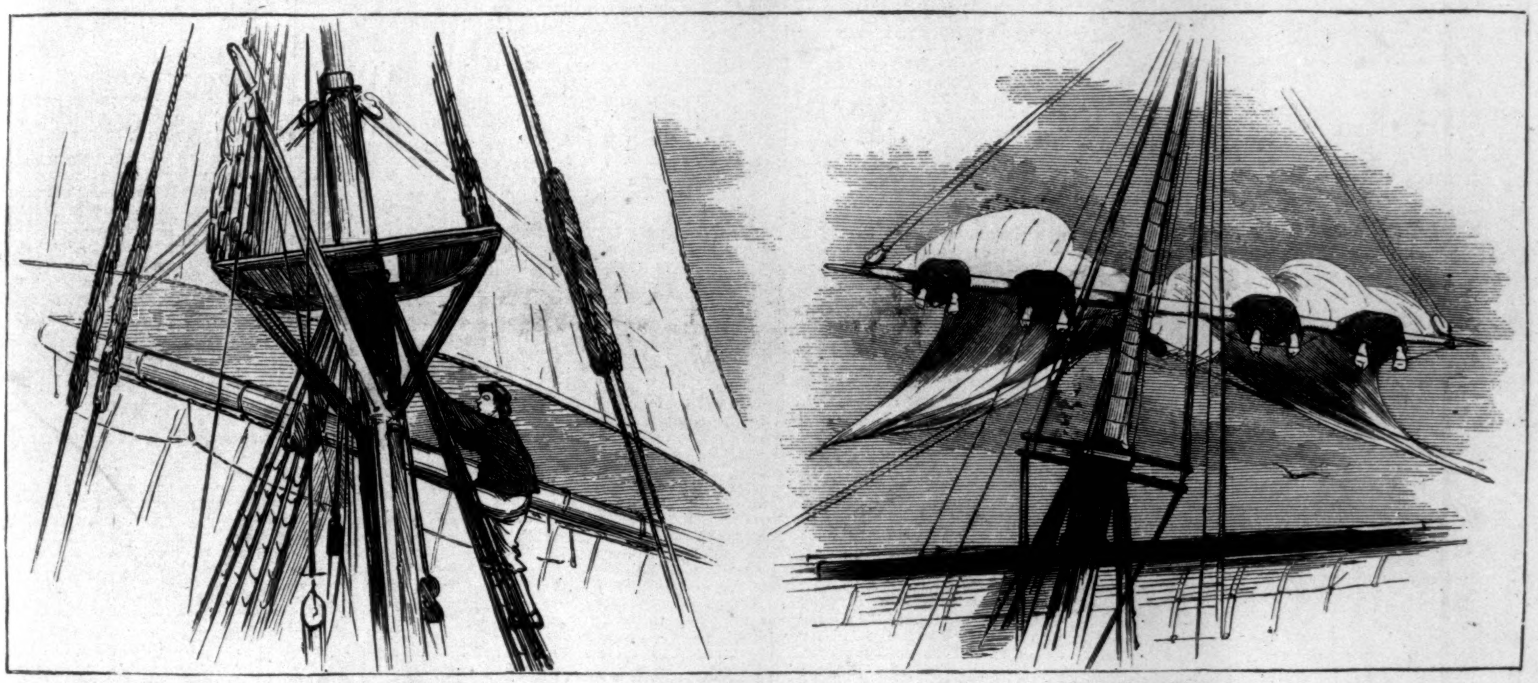
SMOKE VANITY FAIR. See advertisement INSIDE.

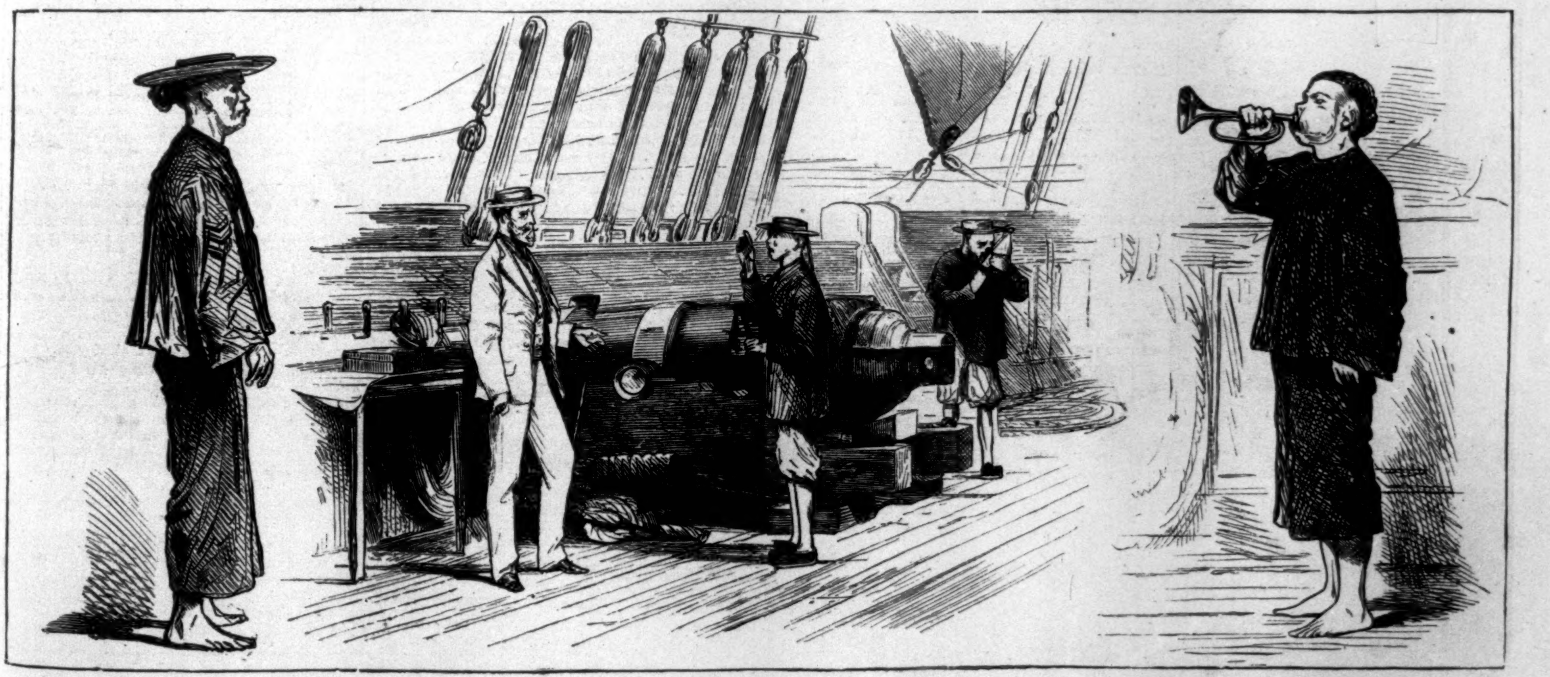
THE CHINESE TRAINING SHIP "KEIN WEI."



OFF DUTY. INDIAN PILOT. THE "KEIN WEI."



MAST-HEADED MIDDY. SHORTENING SAIL.

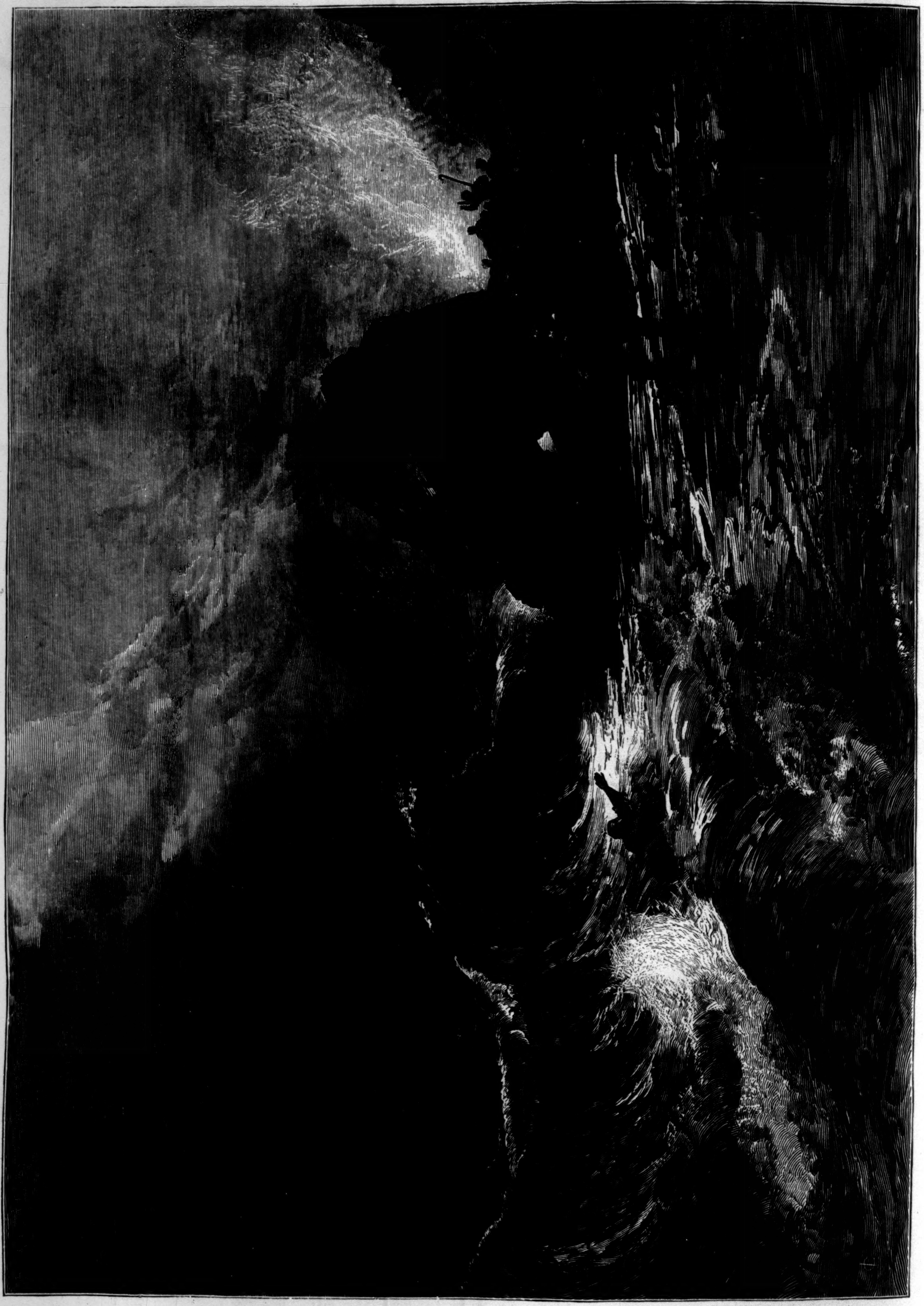


JING KEE, QUARTERMASTER. REPORTING EIGHT BELLS TO THE CAPTAIN. THE BUGLER.

The Chinese training ship *Kein Wei* is under the superintendence of Monsieur P. Giquel, formerly of the French maritime service. In the management of Chinese youth an angelic temper is essential; and this, in addition to every sailorlike qualification for the task, is possessed by Monsieur Giquel. He has succeeded beyond his own expectations in training the boys under his charge, and their efficiency was recently put to a severe test on a cruise from Hong-Kong to the Straits of Malacca. An artist who accompanied the ship furnishes the illustrations to this article.

The *Kein Wei* is a bark-rigged sailing vessel, mounting five guns, manned by a crew of about one hundred and twenty men, and having on board thirty "middies," nearly all young gentlemen of intelligence and good qualities, who were to be put through the course. They took great interest in their work, and required no urging to perform every duty demanded of them. On the return from the cruise, some ten or twelve of the boys were transferred, in various grades, as officers to steam-ships of war built at Fouchow, fully qualified, so far as a knowledge of practical navigation is concerned, to take charge of a vessel.

The routine of man-of-war life is always attractive, except, perhaps, to naval officers; but to watch the progress of a people like the Chinese toward a state of naval discipline such as exists in our own service is doubly interesting, not to say to a certain extent amusing. The drill evolutions were got through in a creditable manner, and the cadets were very fond of soldiering. The gun drill was also not neglected;

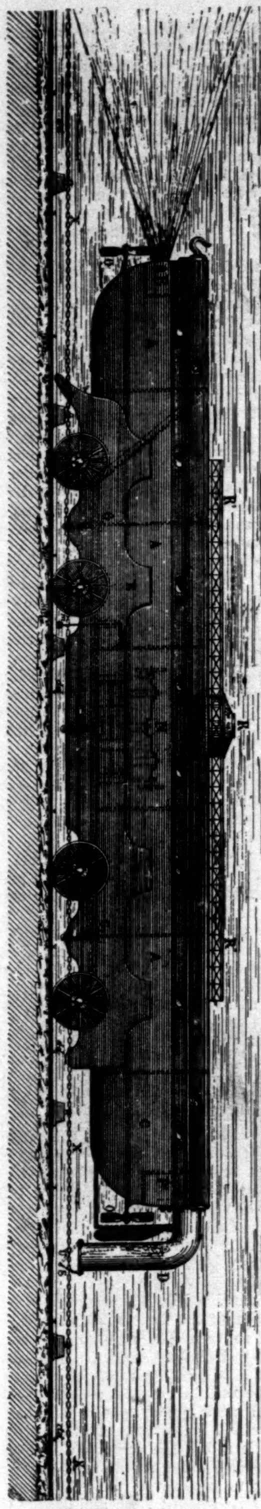


OCEAN WAIFS—THE MORNING AFTER A STORM.

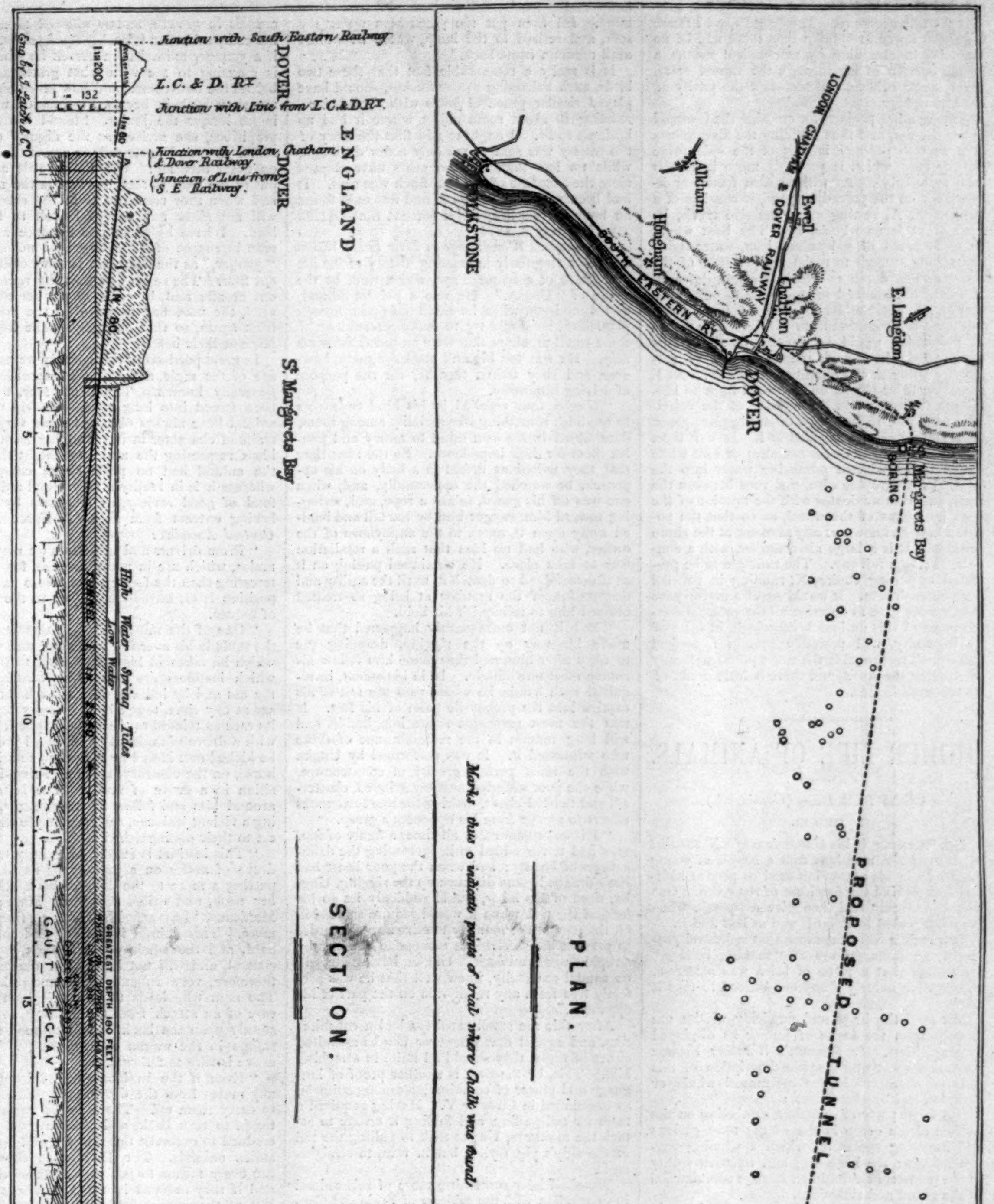
but the pivot-gun, a Krupp, after firing used to get jammed in the breech, necessitating the use of a tackle to open it. The trumpeter was really a credit to the ship. He used to do all the bugle calls beautifully. We used, says the artist, to go to tiffin to the tune of "Officers' wives to puddens and pies, and soldiers' wives to skilly," and how such an accomplished creature ever got on board the *Kein Wei* was a wonder. It was said he had been an executioner to Commissioner YEH.

The guns' crews took great pride in the appearance of the ordnance, and the amount of elbow grease and composition expended on them was fully repaid by their brilliant display in harbor. A reward was given for the best gun when the ship reached port, and day by day their polish would advance from bronze to chocolate, till a wet day would render it necessary to put a cover over the usual "Scotchman" which guards the gun from chafe; too much wet, however, would ruin all the polish, and it had to be begun over again.

At Singapore an Indian pilot was shipped for Penang and back. This gentleman, beyond amusing the boys, left the ship pretty much in the captain's hands. One day while hoisting the top-sails a most unseemly "yoe hoyo" was heard, quite inadmissible on board a man-of-war. It proceeded from the pilot, who had volunteered a hand at the top-sail halyard purchase. He was summarily stopped, but said he did not know the *Kein Wei* was a "man-of-war," which was not flattering. The look of horror the cadets wore when the fellow began to halloa was quite amusing.



PLAN FOR A SUBMARINE RAILWAY BOAT.


Junction with South Eastern Railway
L. C. & D. Ry.
DOVER
Junction with Line from L. C. & D. Ry.
Junction with London Chatham & Dover Railway
Junction of Line from S. E. Railway
DOVER
ENGLAND
St. Margarets Bay
1 in 200
1 in 132
LEVEL
1 in 80
High Water Spring Tides
Low Water
TUNNEL 1 in 2640
GREATEST DEPTH 180 FEET
GAULT
CLAY
TUNNEL 1 in 2640
1 in 80
SECTION.
FRANCE
Junction with Chemin de Fer du Nord at St. Tricat
5
10
15
20
25
30 MILES
Eng. by J. Leach & Co.
FOLKESTONE
Hougham
Alkham
Ewell
Charlton
E. Langdon
LONDON CHATHAM & DOVER RAILWAY
SOUTH EASTERN RY.
DOVER
St. Margarets Bay
BORING
PROPOSED TUNNEL
PLAN.
Marks thus o indicate points of trial where Chalk was found
BORING
Sangatte
La Chaussée
St. P. Nicolay
Calais
CALAIS
Pierre les Calais
To Boulogne Paris & Mediterranean
To Brussels & Northern & Eastern Europe

THE PROJECTED TUNNEL BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS.

TRAVEL UNDER THE SEA.

"Is there no way to cross the sea by land?" asks a poltroon in one of **THOMAS RANDOLPH'S** comedies. This problem has agitated English and French engineers since 1838, when M. **THOMÉ DE GAMOND** first conceived the idea that the straits between Dover and Calais might be crossed by a tunnel, a viaduct high enough to admit the passage of vessels, or by means of huge metallic water-tight tubes resting on the sea-bottom. It was not, however, until 1865 that the project of a submarine tunnel took a practical shape. In that year the careful researches of Sir **JOHN HAWKSHAW**, an eminent English engineer, into the nature of the strata beneath the Channel confirmed the theories of geologists, and demonstrated the feasibility of the scheme. He made accurate surveys of the Channel bottom, and had deep borings sunk on each coast. As the result of his investigations, Sir **JOHN** selected for the English terminus St. Margaret's Bay, a depression in the chalk cliffs about four miles east of Dover, and on the French side a spot about three miles west of Calais. By adopting this route the tunnel could be almost wholly excavated in a bed of homogeneous chalk. This bed is upward of 500 feet deep on each shore from high-water mark, and investigations lead to the conclusion that it stretches without break or fissure across the Channel. The level underneath the sea at which the tunnel has been placed in the engineering plans will nowhere have less than 200 feet of solid chalk above it, while the railway approaches at either end will be on very easy grades.

Extensive experiments justify the conclusion that but little difficulty is to be apprehended from the presence of water in the chalk bed through which the tunnel will be made. Mere percolation of water through the chalk would not affect the work, and there is little probability of meeting, at the great depth at which the excavation will be made, with open fissures.

It is proposed to bore a "drift-way" of seven or nine feet diameter from one side of the Channel to the other, the borings starting from each side. This work, it is estimated, could be finished in two years at a cost of about £800,000 sterling. The borings would be made with a new tunneling machine, which works like an auger boring a hole in wood. The chalk is cut off in slices, which break up and fall upon an endless chain, from which they are dumped into wagons behind the machine. This machine has been tried in a chalk bed similar to the one through which the tunnel will run; it made a drift-way seven feet in diameter, at the rate of a yard to a yard and a quarter per hour. The drift-way completed, the success of the enterprise would be assured. It is estimated that its completion would require four years' time and about £4,000,000 sterling. The question of ventilation has been carefully considered, and several